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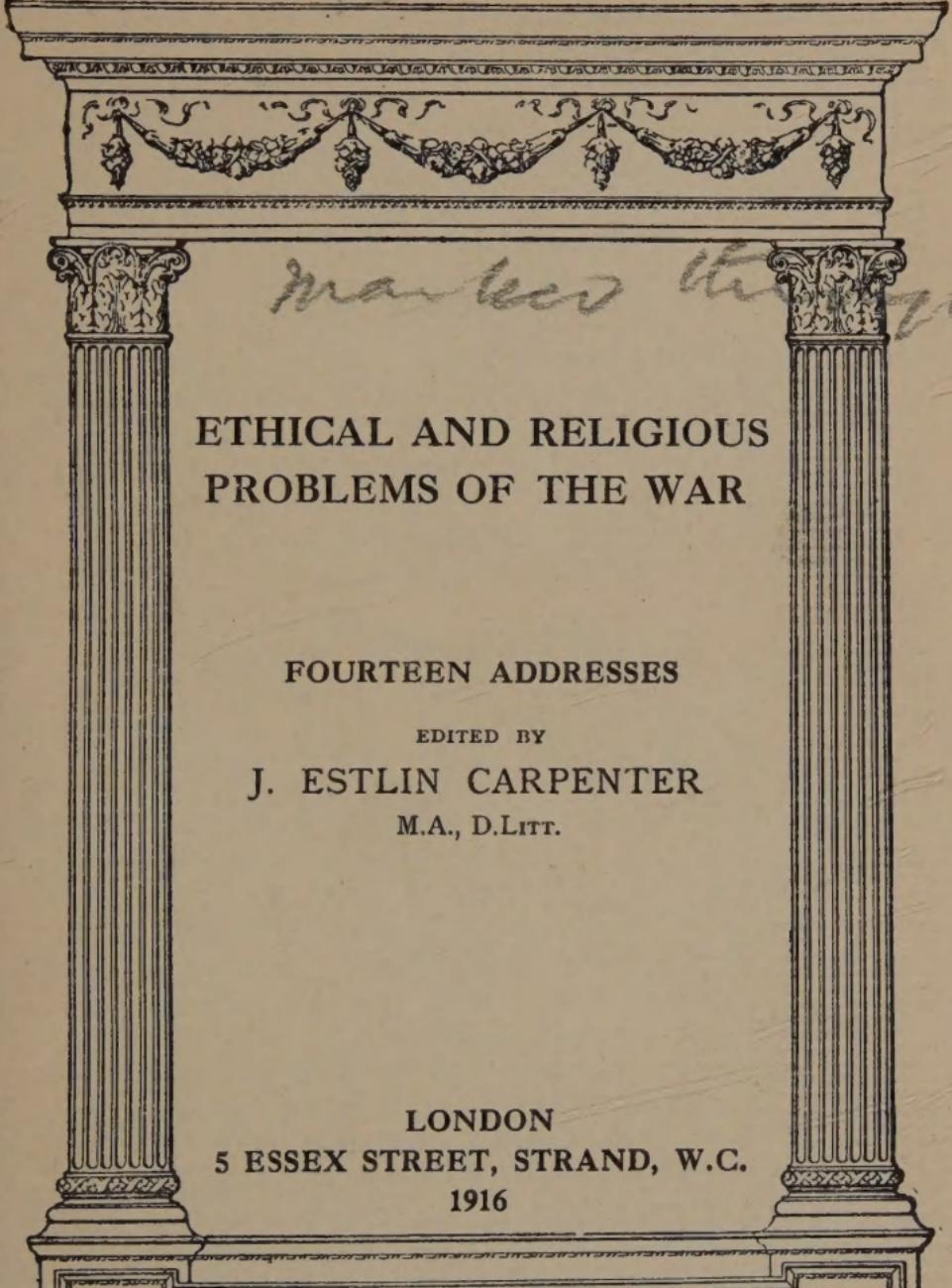
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PROBLEMS OF THE WAR

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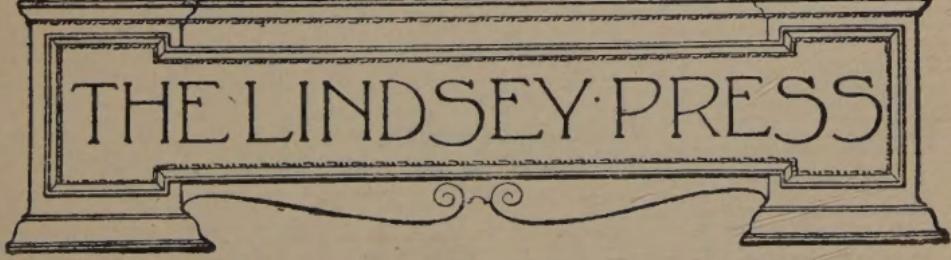
ETHICAL AND RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS OF THE WAR

FOURTEEN ADDRESSES

EDITED BY

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE war in which Great Britain is now engaged has many aspects, and springs out of a long historical development. With its manifold antecedents the Addresses in this volume are not concerned, nor do they attempt to deal with the various problems, social, economic, industrial, international, which must more and more engage the thoughts of all who look forward to its close.

But this great tragedy involves many minds in grievous perplexity. Not only has it overthrown the hopes for the securer establishment of peace among the leading European nations which had been steadily growing since the first Hague Conference in 1899, it has shaken the fundamental convictions of the righteous order of the world, and the significance of the whole evolution of humanity upon this globe.

We have been placed in a position in which what appeared to the Government and the vast majority of the nation the only right thing to do, required the use of means in violent conflict with our ideals of peace and goodwill. Duty seemed entangled in a deep-seated ethical contradiction ; one law demanded action which trampled on the other. To vindicate the principles of international right it was necessary to sacrifice the conception of human brotherhood, and civilization and Christianity threatened to disappear in a sudden relapse into barbarism. In this dilemma the whole fabric of moral values is threatened. To help in restoring a firm hold upon them, without peremptorily dictating the forms which they

shall take in application to existing political issues—a task of which only supreme knowledge and insight are capable—is one of the objects of this little book.

In the brief compass of a few pages it is possible only to suggest lines of thought, or sketch the course of an argument. The writers who have so kindly responded to the invitation to contribute, have chosen their own themes on the theoretic or the practical side. They have written in entire independence; they profess no uniformity of view even on the main conceptions of philosophy or religion, any more than on the personalities and events which have produced the present strife. But they are united in believing that at the heart of this terrific struggle the moral and spiritual interpretation of life still stands supreme, and claims from us unfaltering loyalty. To establish its control over the jarring elements of national jealousies and ambitions is the task of the friends of humanity whether among the combatant or neutral nations. May the time soon come when their energies can be united, and their aim fulfilled.

J. E. C.

OXFORD, *June 5, 1916.*

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ETHICAL PROBLEMS OF THE WAR¹

BY PROF. GILBERT MURRAY, D.LITT., F.B.A.

I SHOULD like before I begin to express to you the very real gratitude I feel to a body like this in asking me to give this address, and thus treating one whose religious views, freely expressed in books and lectures, are probably to the left of almost all those here present, not as an outsider, but recognizing that people in my position are also capable of a religious spirit, and of seeking after truth in the same way as yourselves. I believe that you and I are in real and fundamental sympathy both over religious questions proper, and over a question like this of the war, which test a man's ultimate beliefs and the real working religion by which he lives. I think that we may say that probably all here do begin, in their own minds, by feeling the war as an ethical problem. Certainly that is the way it first appealed to me, and it is from that point of view I wish to speak to-night.

¹ An Address to the Triennial National Conference at Essex Hall, London, Oct. 27, 1915.

Curiously enough I remember speaking in this hall, I suppose about fifteen years ago, against the policy of the war in South Africa. I little imagined then that I should live to speak in favour of the policy of a much greater and more disastrous war, yet that is what, on the whole, I shall do. But I want to begin by facing certain facts. Do not let us attempt to blind ourselves or be blinded by phrases into thinking that the war is anything but a disaster and an appalling disaster. Do not let us be led away by views which have some gleam of truth in them into believing that this war will put an end to war—that it will probably convert Germany, and certainly convert Russia to liberal opinions, that it will establish natural frontiers throughout Europe, or that it will work a moral regeneration in nations which were somehow sapped by too many years of easy living in peace. There is some truth, and very valuable truth, in all those considerations, but they do not alter the fact that the war is, as I said, an appalling disaster. We knew when we entered upon it that it was a disaster—we knew that we should suffer, and that all Europe would suffer.

Now let us run over very briefly the ways in which it is doing evil. Let us face the evil first. There is, first, the mere suffering, the leagues and leagues of human suffering, ~~that is~~ now spreading across Europe ; the suffering of the soldiers, the actual wounded combatants, and behind them

the suffering of non-combatants, the suffering of people dispossessed, of refugees, of men and women turned suddenly homeless into a world without pity. Behind that ~~there is~~ you have the suffering of dumb animals. We are not likely to forget that. There is another side which we are even less likely to forget, and that is our own personal losses. There are very few people in this room who have not suffered in that direct personal way ; there will be still fewer by the end of the war. I do not want to dwell upon that question ; the tears are very close behind our eyes when we begin to think of that aspect of things, and it is not for me to bring them forward. Think, again, of the State's loss, the loss of all those chosen men, not mere men taken haphazard, but young, strong men, largely men of the most generous and self-sacrificing impulses who responded most swiftly to the call for their loyalty and their lives. Some of them are dead, some will come back injured, maimed, invalided, in various ways broken. There is an old Greek proverb which exactly expresses the experience that we shall be forced to go through, 'The spring is taken out of your year.' For a good time ahead the years of England and of most countries in Europe will be without a spring. In that consideration I think it is only fair, and I am certain that an audience like this will agree with me, to add all the nations together. It is not only we and our Allies who are suffering

the loss there ; it is a loss affecting all humanity. According to the Russian proverb ‘They are all sons of mothers,’ the wildest Senegalese, the most angry Prussian. We rejoice, of course we rejoice to hear of great German losses ; we face the fact. We do rejoice ; yet it is terrible that we should have to ; for the loss of these young Germans is also a great and a terrible loss to the human race. It seems almost trivial after these considerations of life and death, but think too of our monetary losses ; of the fact that we have spent 1,595 millions and that we are throwing away money at the rate of nearly five millions a day. Yet just think what it means, that precious surplus with which we meant to make England finer in every way—that surplus is gone.

From a rich, generous, sanguine nation putting her hopes in the future, we shall emerge a rather poverty-stricken nation, bound to consider every penny of increased expenditure ; a harassed nation only fortunate if we are still free. Just think of all our schemes of reform and how they are blown to the four winds—schemes of social improvement, of industrial improvement ; for instance, Lord Haldane’s great education scheme, which was to begin by caring for the health of the small child, and then lead him up by a great ladder from the primary school to the University ! How some of us who were specially interested in education revelled in the thought of that great idea ; only

that it was going to cost such a lot of money. It would cost nearly as much as half a week of the war ! Think what riches we had then, and on the whole, although we are perhaps the most generous nation in Europe, what little use we made of them. We speak of spiritual regeneration as one of the results of war, but here too there is the spiritual evil to be faced. I do not speak merely of the danger of reaction. There will be a grave danger of political reaction and of religious reaction, and you will all have your work cut out for you in that matter. The political reaction, I believe, will not take the form of a mere wave of extreme Conservatism ; the real danger will be a reaction against anything that can be called mellow and wise in politics ; the real danger will be a struggle between crude militarist reaction and violent unthinking democracy. As for religion, you are probably all anxious as to what is going to happen there. Every narrow form of religion is lifting up its horns again, rank superstition is beginning to flourish. I am told that fortune tellers and crystal gazers are really having now the time of their lives. It will be for bodies like yourselves to be careful about all that. But besides there is another more direct spiritual danger. We cannot go on living an abnormal life without becoming fundamentally disorganized. We have seen that, especially in Germany ; with them it seems to be a much stronger tendency than

it is with us ; but clearly you cannot permanently concentrate your mind on injuring your fellow creatures without habituating yourself to evil thoughts. In Germany, of course, there is a deliberate cult of hatred. There is a process, which I will not stop to analyse, a process utterly amazing, by which a highly civilized and ordinarily humane nation has gone on from what I can only call atrocity to atrocity. How these people have ever induced themselves to commit the crimes in Belgium which are attested by Lord Bryce's Commission, to organize the flood of calculated mendacity that they pour out day by day, and last of all to stand by passive and apparently approving, while deeds like the new Armenian massacres are going on under their ægis and in the very presence of their Consuls, all this passes one's imagination. Now we do not act like that ; there is something or other in the English nature which will not allow it. We shall show anger and passion, but we are probably not capable of that organized cruelty, and I hope we never shall be. Yet the same forces are at work among us. I do not want to dwell upon this subject too long ; but when people talk of national regeneration or the reverse, there is one very obvious and plain test which one looks at first, and that is the national drink bill. We have made a great effort to restrain our drinking ; large numbers of people have given up consuming wine and spirits alto-

gether, following the King's example. We have made a great effort and what is the result ? The drink bill is up seven millions as compared with the last year of peace ! That seven millions is partly due to the increased price ; but at the old prices it would still be up rather over two millions. And ahead, at the end of all this long trial, what prospect is there ? There is sure to be poverty and unemployment, great and long continued, just as there was after 1815. I trust we shall be better able to face it ; we shall have thought out the difficulties more ; we who are left with any reasonable margin of subsistence will, I hope, be more generous and more clear-sighted than our ancestors a century earlier. But in any case there is coming a time of great social distress and very little money indeed to meet it with. We shall achieve no doubt peace in Europe, we shall have probably some better arrangement of frontiers, but underneath the peace there will be terrific hatred. And in the heart of Europe, instead of a treacherous and grasping neighbour we shall be left with a deadly enemy, living for revenge.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I do not think that I have shirked the indictment of this war. It is a terrible indictment ; and you will ask me perhaps, after that description, if I still believe that our policy in declaring war was right. Yes, I do. Have I any doubt in any corner of my mind that the war was right ? I have none. We took the

path of duty and the only path we could take. Some people speak now as if going on with the war was a kind of indulgence of our evil passions. The war is not an indulgence of our evil passions ; the war is a martyrdom.

Now, let us not exaggerate here. It is not a martyrdom for Christianity. I saw a phrase quoted the other day, claiming that we were fighting for the nailed hand of One crucified against the ‘mailed fist.’ That description is an ideal a man may carry in his own heart, but, of course, it is an exaggeration to apply to our national position, to the position of any nation in international politics. We are not saints, we are not a nation of early Christians. Yet we are fighting for a great cause. How shall I express it ? We are a country of ripe political experience, of ancient freedom ; we are, with all our faults, I think, a country of kindly record and generous ideals, and we stand for the established tradition of good behaviour between nations. We stand for the observance of treaties and the recognition of mutual rights, for the tradition of common honesty and common kindness between nation and nation ; we stand for the old decencies, the old humanities, ‘the old ordinance,’ as the King’s letter put it, ‘the old ordinance that has bound civilized Europe together.’ And against us there is a power which, as the King says, has changed that ordinance. Europe is no longer held together by the old decencies as it was. The

enemy has substituted for it some rule which we cannot yet fathom to its full depth. You can call it militarism or *Realpolitik* if you like ; it seems to involve the domination of force and fraud, it seems to involve organized ruthlessness, organized terrorism, organized mendacity. The phrase that comes back to my mind when I think of it is Mr. Gladstone's description of another evil rule—it is the negation of God erected into a system of government. The sort of thing for which we are fighting, the old ordinance, the old kindness and the old humanities—is it too much to say that, if there is God in man, it is in these things after all that God in man speaks ?

The old ordinance is illogical. Of course it is illogical. It means that civilized human beings in the midst of their greatest passions, in the midst of their angers and rages, feel that there is something deeper, something more important than war or victory—that at the bottom of all strife there are some remnants of human brotherhood. Now, I do not want to go into a long list of German atrocities ; much less do I want to denounce the enemy. As Mr. Balfour put it in his whimsical way : ‘We take our enemy as we find him.’ But it has been the method throughout this war—the method the enemy has followed, to go at each step outside the old conventions. We have sometimes followed. Sometimes we have had to follow. But the whole history of the war is a history of that

process. The peoples fought according to certain rules but one people got outside the rules right from the beginning. The broken treaty, the calculated ferocity in Belgium and Northern France, the killing of women and non-combatants by sea and land and air, the shelling of hospitals, the treatment of wounded prisoners in ways they had never expected ; all the doctoring of weapons with a view to torture ; the explosive bullets ; the projectiles doctored with substances which would produce a gangrenous wound ; the poisoned gases ; the infected wells. It is the same method throughout. The old conventions of humanity, the old arrangements which admitted that beneath our cruelties, beneath our hatreds, there was some common humanity and friendliness between us, these have been systematically broken one after another. Now observe ; these things were done not recklessly but to gain a specific advantage ; they were done as Mr. Secretary Zimmermann put it in the case of Miss Cavell, 'to inspire fear.' And observe that in many places they have been successful. They have inspired fear. Only look at what has recently happened and what is happening now in the Balkans. Every one of these Balkan states has looked at Belgium. The German agents have told them to look at Belgium. They have looked at Belgium and their courage has failed them. Is that the way in which we wish the government of the world to be conducted

in future? It is the way it will be conducted unless we and our Allies stand firm to the end.

All these points, terrible as they are, seem to me to be merely consequences from what happened at the very beginning of the war. There are probably some people here who differ from what I am saying and I am grateful to them for the patient way in which they are listening to me. To all these I would earnestly say: 'Do not despise the diplomatic documents.' Remember carefully that the diplomacy of July and August, 1914, is a central fact. Remember that it is the one part of the history antecedent to this war which is absolutely clear as daylight. Read the documents and read the serious studies of them. I would recommend specially the book by Mr. William Archer, called 'Thirteen Days.' There is also Mr. Headlam's admirable book, 'The History of Twelve Days,' and the equally admirable book by the American jurist, Mr. Stowell. There the issue is clear and the question is settled. The verdict of history is already given in these negotiations. There was a dispute, a somewhat artificial dispute which could easily have been settled by a little reasonableness on the part of the two principals. If that failed there was the mediation of friends, there was a conference of the disinterested nations—there was appeal to the concert of Europe. There was the arbitration of the Hague—an arbitration to which Serbia appealed

on the very first day and to which the Czar appealed again on the very last. All Europe wanted peace and fair settlement. The Governments of the two Central Powers refused it. Every sort of settlement was rejected. You will all remember that, when every settlement that we could propose had been shoved aside one after another, Sir E. Grey made an appeal to Germany to make any proposal herself—any reasonable proposal—and we bound ourselves to accept it, to accept it even at the cost of deserting our associates. No such proposal was made. All Europe wanted peace and fair dealing except one Power, or one pair of Powers if you so call it, who were confident not in the justice of their cause but in the overpowering strength of their war machine. As the semi-official newspaper said : ‘Germany does not enter conferences in which she is likely to be in a minority.’ By fair dealing they might have got their rights or a little more than their rights. By war they expected to get something like the supremacy of Europe. In peace, with their neighbours reasonable, in no pressing danger, Germany deliberately preferred war to fair settlement ; and thereby in my judgment Germany committed the primal and fundamental sin against the brotherhood of mankind.

Of course all great historical events have complicated causes, but on that fact almost alone I should base the justice and the necessity of our

cause in this war. Other objects have been suggested : that we are fighting lest Europe should be subject to the hegemony of Germany. If Germany naturally by legitimate means grows to be the most influential power, there is no reason for anyone to fight her. It is said we are fighting for democracy against autocratic government. I prefer democracy myself, but one form of government has no right to declare war because it dislikes another form. It is suggested that we are fighting to prevent the break up of the Empire. In that case, from motives of loyalty, of course we should have to fight, and I think the break up of the Empire would be a great disaster to the world. But not for any causes of that description would I use the phrase I have used, or say that in this war we were undergoing a martyrdom. I do use it deliberately now : for I believe no greater evil could occur than that mankind should submit, and should agree to submit, to the rule of naked force.

Now I would ask again those who are following me, as I say, with patience, but I have no doubt with difficulty, to remember that this situation—in spite of particular details—is on the whole an old story. The Greeks knew all about it when they used the word ‘ Hubris ’—that pride engendered by too much success which leads to every crime. Many nations after a career of extraordinary success have become mad or drunk with ambition. ‘ By that sin fell the angels.’ The

Angels were not wicked to start with but afterwards they became devils. We should never have said a word against the Germans before this madness entered into them. We liked them. Most of Europe rather liked and admired them. But, as I said, it is an old story. There have been tyrants. Tyrants are common things in history. Bloody aggression is a common thing in history in its darker periods. But nearly always where there have been tyrants and aggressors there have been men and peoples ready to stand up and suffer and to die rather than submit to the tyrant ; the voice of history speaks pretty clearly about these issues and it says that the men who resisted were right. So that, ladies and gentlemen, as with our eyes open, we entered into this struggle, I say with our eyes open we must go on with it. We must go on with it a united nation, trusting our leaders, obeying our rulers, minding each man his own business, refusing for an instant to lend an ear to the agitated whispers of faction or of hysteria. It may be that we shall have to traverse the valley of death, but we shall traverse it until the cause of humanity is won.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, that being the cause, we are girt up in this war to the performance of a great duty ; and there are many things in it which, evil as they are, can in some way be turned to good. It lies with us to do our best so to turn them.

If we take the old analogy from biology we are a community, a pack, a herd, a flock. We have realized our unity. We are one. I think most of us feel that our lives are not our own ; they belong to England. France has gone through the same process to an even greater degree. Mr. Kipling, who used certainly to be no special lover of France, has told us that there 'the men are wrought to an edge of steel, and the women are a line of fire behind them.' Our political divisions before the war it is a disgrace to think of. They were so great that the enemy calculated upon them, and judged that we should not be able to fight. These divisions have not been killed as we hoped ; the remnants of them are still living. I cannot bear to speak of them. Let us think as little as possible about them, and lend no ear, no patience to the people who try to make them persist. As for the division of class and class, I think there, at least, we have made a great gain. I would ask you to put to yourselves this test. Remember how before the war the ordinary workman spoke of his employer and the employer of his workmen, and think now how the average soldier speaks of his officer and how the officer speaks of his men. The change is almost immeasurable. Inside the country we have gained that unity ; outside in our relations with foreign countries we have also made a great gain. Remember we have Allies now, more Allies, and far closer Allies than we have ever

had. We have learned to respect and to understand other nations. You cannot read those diplomatic documents of which I spoke without feeling respect for both the French and Russian diplomatists for their steadiness, their extreme reasonableness, their entire loyalty, and as you study them you are amused to see the little differences of national character emerging without spoiling the quality of the work. Since the war has come on we have learned to admire other nations. There is no man in England who will ever again in his heart dare to speak slightingly or with contempt of Belgium or Serbia. It is something that we have had our hearts opened, that we, who were rather an insular people, welcome other nations as friends and comrades. Nay, more, we made these alliances originally on a special principle about which I would like to say a sentence or two. That is the principle of *Entente*, or cordial understanding, which is specially connected with the name of our present Foreign Secretary, and, to a slighter extent, with that of his predecessor. The principle of Entente has been explained by Sir Edward Grey several times, but I take two phrases of his own particularly. It began because he found that all experience had shown that for great empires which were touching each other, 'whose interests rubbed one against another frequently in different parts of the world, there was no middle course between continual liability to

friction and cordial friendship.' He succeeded in establishing that relation of perfect frankness and mutual friendship with the two great empires with whom our interests were always rubbing. Instead of friction, instead of suspicion and intrigue, we established with our two old rivals a permanent habit of fair dealing, frankness, and goodwill. The second great principle of the Entente was this, that 'there is nothing exclusive in these friendships.' We began it with France, we continued it with Russia, we achieved it in reality although not in actual diplomatic name with the United States, and practically also with Italy, and any one who has read the diplomatic history will see the effort upon effort we made to establish it with our present enemies. I think we have here some real basis for a sort of Alliance of Europe—that sort of better Concert for which we all hope. One cannot guess details. It is very likely indeed that at the beginning Germany will stay outside and will refuse to come into our kind of concert. If so we must 'take our enemies as we find them.' The fact of there being an enemy outside will very likely make us inside hold together all the better for the first few years. When we are once thoroughly in harness, and most nations have learnt the practice of habitually trusting one another and never intriguing against one another, then, no doubt, the others will come in.

Now I spoke at the beginning about the possible

dangers of reaction, but there is a very good side also in the reaction. Part of it is right. It is a reaction against superficial things, superficial ways of feeling, and perhaps also superficial ways of thought. We have gone back in our daily experience to deeper and more primitive things. There has been a deepening of the quality of our ordinary life. We are called upon to take up a greater duty than ever before. We have to face more peril, we have to endure greater suffering ; death itself has come close to us. It is intimate in the thoughts of every one of us, and it has taught us in some way to love one another. For the first time for many centuries this ‘unhappy but not inglorious generation,’ as it has been called, is living and moving daily, waking and sleeping, in the habitual presence of ultimate and tremendous things. We are living now in a great age.

A sign which has struck me, and I have spoken of it elsewhere, is the way in which the language of romance and melodrama has now become true. It is becoming the language of our normal life. The old phrase about ‘dying for freedom,’ about ‘Death being better than dishonour’—phrases that we thought were fitted for the stage or for children’s stories, are now the ordinary truths on which we live. A sentence which happened to strike me was spoken by a Canadian soldier who went down, I think, in the ‘Arabic’ after saving

several people ; before he sank he turned and said, ' I have served my King and country and this is my end.' It was the natural way of expressing the plain fact. I read yesterday a letter from a soldier at the front about the death of one of his fellow-soldiers, and the letter ended quite simply : ' After all he has done what we all want to do—die for England.' The man who wrote it has since then had his wish. Or again if one wants a phrase to live by which would a few years ago have seemed somewhat unreal, or ' high falutin ', he can take those words that are now in everybody's mind : ' I see now that patriotism is not enough, I must die without hatred or bitterness towards anyone.'

Mrs
Cave

Romance and melodrama were a memory, broken fragments living on of heroic ages in the past. We live no longer upon fragments and memories, we have entered ourselves upon a heroic age. As for me personally, there is one thought that is always with me as it is with us all I expect—the thought that other men are dying for me, better men, younger, with more hope in their lives, many of them men whom I have taught and loved. I hope you will allow me to say something that is in my mind, and will not be in any way offended by it. Some of you will be orthodox Christians, and will be familiar with the thought of One who loved you dying for you. I would like to say that now I seem to be familiar with the

feeling that something innocent, something great, something that loves me, has died, and is dying daily for me. That is the sort of community that we now are—a community in which one man dies for his brother, and underneath all our hatreds, all our little angers and quarrels we are brothers who are ready to seal our brotherhood with blood. It is for us that these men are dying, for us the women, the old men and the rejected men, and to preserve the civilization and the common life which we are keeping alive and re-shaping, towards wisdom or unwisdom, towards unity or discord. Well, ladies and gentlemen, let us be worthy of these men, let us be ready each one with our sacrifice when it is asked. Let us try as citizens to live a life which shall not be a mockery to the faith these men have placed in us. Let us build up an England for which these men lying in their scattered graves over the face of the green world would have been proud to die.

MORALITY AND ITS RELATION TO THE WAR

BY PROF. SIR HENRY JONES, LL.D., F.B.A.¹

THERE is serious discrepancy between the demands made upon us in modern times and the moral conceptions and habits with which we respond to them. The natural conditions of our life belong to one age, and the moral methods by which we endeavour to make use of them belong to another age.

I want to illustrate this truth. It arises from the fact that when man changes his world he changes himself. The objects we live to make recoil upon us and make us in turn; we are always in the power of our own inventions. Everything we produce strikes back upon character.

Our main boast during the last hundred years or so has been our progress in science and in material inventions, and the boast is altogether just. There never was such machinery for satisfying

¹ Notes of a lecture delivered at Manchester College, Oxford, March, 1915.

the material needs of man. But this machinery is running its inventors, as always. The world of man is new. The structure of society is altered through and through ; every man's character is subjected to new tests and new perils : and to meet them we need, not indeed new moral principles, but new applications of principles which are as old as man's search after good.

I have no faith at all in those who proclaim a 'New Religion,' and have no least desire to see established a 'New Morality.' The principles of a good life are permanent. There never was and there never will be an age in the world's history when, for example, the love which we call Christian love is not a master power in the moral world, or when justice will become obsolete. I admit with all my heart that humanity in the course of its evolution needs no new spiritual principles (any more than the natural world needs new physical laws). None are possible. Time has not power over them ; nor has space. They are eternal in character and universal in application. They are obligatory over the *whole* of the conduct of all men. Reverence for the right for its own sake, the willing spirit of service of the Most High, that which is at once both morality and religion at their best, must like the sap of a living tree flow through all man's conduct. And it follows as a matter of course that there cannot be one morality for men, and another, or none at all, for States.

Morality (National)

'Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God . . . preserves the stars from wrong, and the most ancient heavens through her are fresh and strong.'

But, on the other hand, principles of morality not applied to things of time, nay, which do not themselves break out and issue in successive acts in time and space, are nothing but empty words. They are like scientific hypotheses applied to no facts and present in none. But as the hypotheses of science in being applied to facts, or rather discovered in facts, are not only widened in range but deepened in meaning, so also the principles of the moral life come to signify more the more fully they inspire and control the behaviour of mankind. They are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, but the sameness is neither static nor stagnant. We hear of the simplicity of the principles of the Christian faith ; how they are within the reach of the humblest intelligence—so they are : and how they can make the lowliest lives most fair—so they can. But on the other hand, there is in the simplest of all these principles, which is also the most central, the principle of love, a virtue and a potency which all the ages of man in long procession, and all the stages and forms of human civilization, have not as yet been able to set forth in all their fulness. To know what love can do we must wait till it has incarnated itself in ways of intercourse and mutual regard and service between man and man and

nation and nation, whose splendour exceeds the reach of our imagination at the present time.

We are only beginning to evolve the meaning and the power of the principles of our spiritual life and welfare. For eternal as they are, they are not things apart and fixed in a super-temporal realm. There is no such realm. It is empty. The antithesis of the eternal and temporal is false ; for time itself is the manifestation of the eternal, and eternity is the inexhaustible possibility of time. Time future is not—as yet ; time past is not—it was ; but time itself is the unceasing outflow of eternity, which itself exists in no other form ; just as the perfect is itself not static, not dead and fixed, not a God who *does* nothing and therefore *is* nothing. The perfect is for ever fulgurating forth into new perfections. This means that the dualism of spiritual and natural, the eternal and the temporal, must be repudiated. The moral life is neither the one nor the other. It is the intersecting focus of the permanent and the evanescent, of the universal law which is never abrogated and the particular circumstance, volition, and deed, which are only for the moment. Duty is not mere recognition of a sovereign imperative ; it is something more and much more difficult. It is also the application of the moral principle under the conflicting solicitations of circumstance, and obedience to the law's command amid the confusing voices of the desires and passions, which, more-

ever, in their own place, have their own inexpugnable rights. ‘Application’ of law to circumstance is, indeed, an inadequate term to express what takes place when duty is done. For in it the permanent and the passing, the eternal principle and the momentary deed, the spiritual and the natural, interpenetrate and take upon themselves one another’s qualities. Duty is the embodiment and actualization of the eternal, the spiritual, the sovereign principle—sometimes in very humble deeds, as when mercy gives a cup of cold water. Indeed there is always double conversion in the process of doing right : the law embodies itself in a new form, and, I will venture to add, a new splendour, when it is obeyed : while, on the other hand, the natural deed becomes a spiritual fact, the mortal event in mere time puts on immortality.

And it may be well to remark, in passing, that for this reason there is no first or last in the realm of morals. Every duty is first, *because* in its place it is an embodiment and representation of the good that is highest and absolute. It needs no sanctions because all its sanctions are within itself, and all the sanctions of all else, too ; for it is the source of all values. You cannot assume that the State has universal rights over the individual, nor vice versa, any more than you can assume that one individual has permanent rights over another. There are sacrednesses in little things, which have a right to challenge gods and men ; and there are

individuals, stricken, mocked, put to death who can still say that they 'have overcome the world.' It is the *cause* that gives sacredness. Very lowly and humble men and women who stand for some causes have rights that are superior to the most powerful of all States, when it stands merely for itself.

T Spiritual peace and security rest upon spiritual convictions of eternal truths ; and convictions are assured knowledge, or what passes as such, whether it comes by the way of the head or the heart, as a result of feeling or of reason. Moreover it is an error to speak of spiritual security as if it were a confidence that has ceased to reassure itself, or a peace beyond strife ; as in a region where questions are no longer raised, and there are no more duties to be done. Such a peace is not the peace of spirit, nor is it even happiness. There is an amplitude of activity in happiness, and spirit rests only on the wing. The soul of man, like everything that lives, lives by constant reaffirmation of itself, both against and by means of its environment : and in a very real sense it constantly re-creates both itself and its world, carrying its past into its present, making every achievement a new starting-point, and in this way always going on into a new country. The soul that does not achieve is dying. Its peace, the peace of spirit, is the consciousness of the successful application of vital principles to new facts, and the constant exemplification and ratification of them in new

deeds. The joy of the artist is the joy of creation : it is not passive only but active, for he both accepts and gives. He lifts the beauty of the natural scene into the realm of mind, or he lends the silent waves of sound that which converts them into music, which but for his ear and soul could never be. So the moral agent takes up the natural event, which is neither good nor bad itself, but only the mere happening in the outer world of space and time, or the mere natural want or craving in himself ; and he raises it into a moral opportunity. It becomes a new fact in the new world of spirit. And as to the religious man's trust in God, and his joy in God's enterprise of leading the world freely back to himself, are these not renewed every morning ? The sphere of spirit—that is of religion and its God, of art and beauty, of morality and goodness, of thought and truth, is the realm of life, movement, and even adventure.

In short the stillest and the most sheltered life is *life*, always *active* in every part—the daisy on the meadow or the violet by the mossy stone has to maintain itself against the pressure and the invasion of the universe, even while the universe is there to help it live.

Now, contrary to the truth and with consequences difficult to estimate, so great are they, these characteristic qualities of spirit by which it finds peace *in* progress, rest *in* adventure, security *in* search, joy *in* the battle, its God *in* the

wilderness, have been sundered in our theories and held apart. The rest, the quietude, the security, are not supposed to come to those who search and strive and venture ; while the *movement*, and therefore the enterprise, the joy of achievement, the rediscovery every morning of the newness of God's ways and the freshness of his world, are supposed to be denied to the innocent and trustful ; their faith is supposed to know no change, their knowledge no growth, and their soul to be as a flower shut in the bud.

It is to this, the presence of adventurous and trustful and honest thought in one realm, namely that of natural wants and natural science, and the relative lack of enterprise in the world of the things that matter most, viz., the things of the moral life, that I would attribute the tragical discrepancy between the demands which modern life makes upon us, and the ethical response we are able to make to these demands.

Let me illustrate what I mean. The mastery of the modern age over the resources of the natural world, has, as I have said, changed not only the outward conditions of man's life, but man himself. It has changed the structure of society by making it consist, for many purposes, not of relations between individuals only, but of relations between individuals fitted into larger systems. *They are relations between groups.* This brings new risks on the individual, and puts his moral character

under new kinds of strain ; and he needs, not indeed new principles of conduct, but new ways of applying them. He has to conduct the old conflict under the old flag, standing for old rights against old wrongs ; but he needs newer and more powerful weapons, for the enemy has gathered strength, and his mode of assault is new.

For, we must observe, individual men and women are not merely *grouped*, not merely collected together, aggregated, in these groups, but fitted together into them. They are reduced into mere elements in huge organizations, and too often into something like raw material and mere driving fuel. Of *what*? Of economic groups, that is of *things*, which in a legal and economic sense think and will, undergo responsibilities, honour or repudiate their responsibilities, not seldom in ways that do not accord entirely with the thought and volition of any one of their constituent members. The business of the world is not only dominated but in very great part done by these complex entities (which I would call personalities if that would not launch us in another and somewhat unmeaning discussion). Now these economic units which have such enormous power amongst and over men, make no profession whatever of having any moral purpose ; and on the whole they live up to what they don't profess. They are not immoral, but non-moral. If, and in so far as, they recognize moral qualities, they do so on the

ground that these qualities have economic value. I am not blaming, I am recording. It is not the business of business, we are told, to be philanthropic, nor to show any other virtue except justice ; and it will do justice because from its own point of view justice pays.

Now consider for a moment what these non-moral creations (results of science and its applications) of the modern world really signify, and examine the relations between them and the human elements of which they are made up. You will find them, I rejoice to say, indescribably better on the whole than they were a generation ago. But they are still and at best extraordinarily crude. It is very rarely that the company's shareholders insist through their directors, or the directors insist on their behalf, that it is better that their profits should be unfairly low than that the workmen should be unfairly paid. It is just as rarely that the workman proceeds on the principle that it is better for him to be dishonestly paid than that he should be dishonest in his service. Yet these things are morally true ; and as individuals, whether directors or workmen, men clearly know that it is better to suffer than to inflict wrong.

Again, if an industrial company contemplates a new enterprise, and would establish new works in a new locality, for the supply of a new article, we know with what care every economic step in the adventure is examined. And now, at last,

some thought is given to the housing of the workmen, and to other conditions of their physical well-being. But as a rule these things are considered merely from the economic point of view, and the workmen themselves as economic factors that can be used, preserved or worn out, as schemes of profit determine. I am far from denying the existence of moderating exceptions. But my plaint is precisely that the methods of the humanities are modifications, exceptions, and intrusions. They do not belong intrinsically to the present productive and distributive machinery. *It* is in its essence and professes to be economic, and the economic (alas !) is at best non-moral. Justice is its highest quality, but its very justice has no higher character than the harsh impartiality of unrelenting natural law, and it is *sought* by force, the result of strain ; and is too often a thing compelled, which a *moral* quality never can be. And if we consider the relations of these economic units to one another, our conclusions as to their moral level are only confirmed. The whole sphere of trade and commerce as we now understand it, is one of competitive strain. It is sustained no doubt by its essential honesty ; for without that it would fall to pieces ; but its honesty is sometimes prudence, which is the virtue that calculates and counts the cost of doing right or wrong.

The truth is that the very conceptions which rule our economic thought stand in need of being

further transformed. Ruskin and Carlyle began it, but their work has to be continued. The very wealth the laws of whose creation and distribution and consumption economic theory explains, is not wealth. It is the more or less problematic means of wealth. It is a mere natural circumstance which lends itself with equal ease to the weal or the woe of men. 'Wealth' has to acquire human implications. Riches and poverty, individual and national prosperity, have to be measured in the terms of a new kind of coinage. No business must be called prosperous, and no nation economically sound and progressive, unless, by means of what it produces and in the very process of production, men, women, and children, instead of being worn and wasted, are endowed with greater *wealth of soul* and health of body, and unless the nation's effective manhood is maintained and multiplied.

But the acquirement of this veritable wealth, once the boy or girl has left school or college, is not a matter of deliberate forethought or systematic effort. The rendering of the soul sensitive to new forms of beauty, or truth, or goodness, the widening of the interests, the strengthening of the will, the ennoblement of the character, these are no longer pursued in accordance with a thought-out plan by either parent or employer. Ethical considerations do not often weigh *first* when we select the trade or the profession, nor when we follow it. We make over the effects of the pro-

fession on character to the care of mere chance ; and 'getting on' rarely means primarily becoming better men or women.

But the combination of men into groups, the amalgamation of interests, economic and other, which has added so much to our power, brings other moral perils. The systematization of the affairs of men is apt to mean the systematizing of men themselves, the fitting of their body and soul as nuts and pins and cogs and cranks in a huge machinery. The liberty and independence won on the political field during the last century, for and by the common people, bears fruit now in the most splendid political loyalty. The life of this democratic nation is intensely *one* and single. The people when stirred by a great cause has one mind, one will, one soul. But the same cannot be said of the economic field. There the trend of modern systematization is to invade the personality of the individual, to waste his uniqueness, to drain away the red-ripe elements of his humanity. These were fostered when the industries were small. Then men, like artists, made whole articles. The essence of right conduct is to treat humanity in our own person and in all others, always as an end and never as a means. But that is difficult under modern economic conditions. There is no problem more difficult and few more imperative than that of moralizing the economic personalities. It is a symbol of the ruthlessly systematizing will

of Germany, not only that it should be spendthrift of the lives of its citizens in war, but that in times of peace the workmen in its larger industries carry numbers instead of names. This *lack of respect* for individuality, this horrible slumping of human beings as if they were things, this utter sinking of the *man* in men, is in truth a crime against humanity.

Now the modern political State has not been regarded by any responsible body of opinion as non-moral or even secular, as is the economic sphere of man's activities. If it can be maintained that to interfere directly (by its legislation) with the inner life of its citizens is no part of its functions, it may certainly count it a part of its business to protect and provide the external conditions that favour the good life. Indeed I am not sure but that in the last resort it is its only business. It is essentially as Plato considered it, an educational institution. It is Treitschke who scorns the notion that it is an academy. In its relation to its own citizens, in fact, the State may be very rich in moral value. It may, and it does, elicit and foster in them the noblest devotion to the best end for which a man could desire either to live or die.

But, on the other hand, the relations between one political State and another are hardly more satisfactory than those between two economic units. Here, once more, the external conditions

of international intercourse have changed with a momentum and at a pace which have left far behind the correlative moral habits that should control and sanctify them. In times of peace the machinery for the interchange of economic services and resources is a marvel of sensitiveness and efficiency, and so is the machinery for disservice in times of war. These are complete and powerful beyond the most extravagant imaginings of a simpler age. But *international ethics*, measured in any recognized and ordinary moral terms, are crude, confused, uncertain, and extraordinarily feeble.

Consider for a moment what is the normal conduct of States to one another in times of peace. 'From the point of view of one who really believes that great nations ought to behave to one another as scrupulously and honourably as ordinary law-abiding men, no power in Europe, or out of it, is quite blameless. They all have ambitions ; they all, to some extent, use spies ; they all, within limits, try to outwit each other ; in their diplomatic dealing they rely not only on the claims of good sense and justice, but ultimately, no doubt, on the threat of possible force.' So says Prof. Gilbert Murray.¹ Germany (in his view) 'does all these things more than other Powers.' 'In her diplomacy force comes at once to the front.' 'She spends more on spies ; she goes beyond the

¹ *How can War ever be right?* p. 16.

rules of the game in international treachery.' 'Realism is the fetish of the hour,' says another witness. 'Politics must be real or they are despised as shadows ; and when a German speaks of *Real-politik* he means a policy based on material interests, supported by brute force, and liberated from the trammels of the moral conscience.'¹

Not a few of Germany's historical, philosophical, and even theological writers maintain that the obligations usually called moral should not hold between States—are not relevant. And these writers (of whom Treitschke is simply the most brutal and arrogant) are products as well as exponents of their Prussianized people. So that, in truth, we have a nation, not unjustly proud of its past attainment, and even now professing to aim (ultimately) at the good of the world, laying the laws of moral life aside, as if they were the swaddling clothes of political infancy. They may be useful and therefore obligatory on little communities ; they do not bind the German Empire, and have no right to withstand the necessities of a self-sufficient or really independent State !

Now, neither this doctrine nor the practice based upon it is either new or exceptional. Its significance (to us at present) lies in the indication it gives of the *normally* low level of international morals. I do not know how to account for the fact, but it is a fact, that inter-social morality is

¹ Fisher, *The Value of Small States*, p. 3.

orability (National)

always on a lower level than inter-individual or inter-personal morality. Men when grouped and organized together are readier to do what is harsh and merciless, and slower to be moved by compassion, or by any of the more generous impulses which keep this world of ours clean and sweet and a fit place to live in. Women in factories, men aggregated in huge works, tend to draw one another downwards.

As between individuals the egoistic ethical doctrine of the middle of last century has been refuted; and as regards its own citizens the State's negative legislative practice has been discredited. We know, we have been forced to recognize even by Acts of Parliament, that whether we will or no we are one another's keepers. But the relations between one political State and another are still normally frankly egoistic. Each stands for its own good—which is right; but each is apt to interpret that good in a highly exclusive way, which is very wrong; for it is the characteristic not of moral but of natural or material good to be exclusive. Moral good is always a common good. Physically, economically, that is in all that concerns their material well-being, the interdependence of nations is so intimate and vital that any country cut off from its neighbours will find itself so mutilated a fragment that it cannot continue to live. But the *moral* relations between the same States that should go with this interdependence

—the consciousness of a common good, the sense of mutual responsibility, the generous joy in being implicated in one another's welfare, where are they? The moral ties between the States are loose, ineffective, and easily snapped. At any moment a State will withdraw from its neighbour, and say practically, 'If thou art in trouble, what is that to me?' The character of the invasion of Belgium is denied by no one. The whole world knows that it is an innocent little country which was trampled in the mire, and which has been month after month bleeding and fighting for the remnant of its territory and of its people. But many States, some themselves small, have made no protest, and they call their inaction neutrality. They were not prepared to make their protest effective, that is, to run any risks. Counting the cost, they thought it cheaper to stand aloof and remain quite impartial as between the sufferers and the perpetrators of the darkest crime of the modern world.

What an inglorious page in the history of modern civilization! But the significance of the fact lies in this—that if the country which called its inaction neutrality had not shown a different spirit when it thought, or at least said, that its trade was obstructed, we—or I, at least—should hardly have condemned it. So light are the bonds of duty between the States. If we begin to count consequences, or debate the matter on the level

of inter-national egoistic ethics, we should find it difficult to prove that a country does wrong to refuse to be implicated in the rights and wrongs of other States, and to be quick in the defence of its own people. But there is a level at which calculation is absurd, and consequences are not counted ; and that precisely is the moral level. It is often difficult to know what particular deed it is that the moral law demands, but once the moral agent recognizes whose voice speaks, the question of what he will do is settled. When duty enters and speaks and is heard, perplexity is at an end. Duty is never weighed against anything else by the moral agent. There is no bargaining with an authority known to be supreme and free ; and there is no disposition to do so when the thing one ought to do is the thing one wants to do. And such an authority, which is at once outer and inner, belongs to *all* morality. There is no higher or lower amongst *duties*, except in the sense that the former can comprehend the latter and reconcile it with itself. Every duty is highest. In its own place and context it stands a representative of the Absolute. The moral consciousness may be subject to illusions ; but its essence as moral is that it makes the claim that the nature of things is at its back. The least of men at his duty is necessarily more than conqueror in the moral sense ; even as the private soldier at his post, holding in his hand his country's

flag, is as sacred as the supreme commander of the Empire's armies, and has the same claim upon the Empire's power to protect.

It follows that on this level of morality none of the perplexing questions can arise as to the coincidence of private interest and duty. No genuine collision is possible. The good man, who is true to himself, is precisely the man who knows that the only personal profit worth struggling for is the privilege of doing what is right. He is at peace, not because he has ignored circumstances and consequences, but because he believes that he has given them their right value : they are components of the moral act.

' It is of the very essence of religion or honour,' says Prof. Gilbert Murray, ' that it must outweigh all material considerations. The point of honour is the point at which a man says to some proposal, " I will not do it, I will rather die." ' It is of the essence of honour and religion and morality rather than no weighing can take place. Opposed to them all other things are ' lighter than vanity.' The good they seek must be *summum* and *consummatum*, requiring naught else to make it complete, and incapable of being made better by either gods or men. Not only it outweighs all else, ' what else can be ? '

But can a nation rise to this height ? In other words can it be regarded as a moral agent ? I answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative, leaving

on one side the somewhat foolish debate as to whether it is a 'person.' There are some things which a nation may prefer to its life, and against which nothing is weighed that does not become light and idle. 'No nation,' we are told by Mr. Fisher, 'has yet consented, or in the present state of public ethics, is likely to consent to refer matters affecting its vital interests, independence, or honour, to an international tribunal.' I agree, and I go further. No nation ought to do so. A nation like an individual may consult its neighbours as to its duty, borrow light from its neighbours to see what it should do, but it cannot delegate the responsibility of choosing. There is a certain isolation and sacredness of soul in this matter of morality. We can send no proxies to meet duty or death.

But if it is necessary and right, and altogether in accordance with the dignity of a political State however small, that it should refuse to submit to the will of others those interests which are vital and involve its honour, it is no less essential that it should recognize what interests verily are vital, and that it should stake its life and its honour only upon honourable issues. And here is the *crux* of the situation. Everything depends upon what a political State considers to be *its* interests. *Its* interests may be those of a good man, or they may be on that non-moral level where right and wrong are matters with which it refuses to be concerned.

I am no advocate of a quixotic altruism. The best that we should try to do is simply our own duty, that is, the best for ourselves as rational beings. There is never the need of postponing our own *moral* character to anything in earth or heaven. I agree readily therefore with the American writer who argues that 'it is not necessarily selfish for a neutral State to keep on strictly minding its own business,' and that 'in following its own interest there is no reproach.' 'It need not involve greed or aggression or ill-will ; it (neutrality) is simply a question of minding its own affairs.'¹

But what *are* its own affairs ? Apparently not international good faith, nor that rectitude of spirit between nations and that mutual reliability without which no promise is a pledge, no obligation binding. And when, or as regards to what things, is neutrality commendable, or possible, to a nation whose honour is sacred or whose character deserves respect ? Who is the neutral nation ? Is it the nation that will not take by either word or deed the part of the known oppressed against the known oppressor ? We are told that a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves. But we are not told that the Priest and Levite stood by while the man was stripped and wounded and left half dead, resolving to give him oil and wine and two pence when

¹ *The Springfield Weekly Republican*, Jan. 28, 1915.

all was over, and then to mediate between the robbers and the robbed. *That* is the kind of neutrality which is possible only for political States, when they interpret *their* interests in a particular way.

'Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion on one another.' Can it be that this injunction is not binding on the nations? England has been described as 'the habitual champion of small nationalities.' In the measure in which this statement is true, must we respect her political wisdom; for undoubtedly she has found her own interest therein, and known it better than those other States who have said 'If ye are wrecked and ruined, what is that to me?' 'The supreme test of efficiency in imperial government,' says Mr. Fisher, 'lies in its capacity to preserve the small State in the great union.' And its chivalry towards the weak and defenceless and bitterly wronged is no bad test of a nation's or an individual's moral worth. What in our history justifies most our pride? Is it not that at times Britain has risen to the level of pity? and that 'prudent and inglorious,' 'neutral and careful of her cash,' is not an adequate account of her modern ways? She has understood better the interests that ought to be vital, and the matters on which she could throw the accent of her honour.

She did so, beyond all controversy, when Cromwell and Puritan England took compassion on the

Just

poor Protestants among the Alps. ‘The Lord Protector is melted into tears’, says Carlyle,¹ ‘and roused into sacred fire. This day the French treaty, not unimportant to him, was to be signed ; this day he refuses to sign till the King and Cardinal undertake to assist him in getting right done in these poor valleys.’ ‘No English ruler,’ says Lord Morley,² ‘has ever shown a nobler figure than Cromwell in the case of the Vaudois, and he had all the highest impulses of the nation with him. He said to the French Ambassador that the woes of the poor Piedmontese went as close to his heart as if they were his nearest of kin ; and he gave personal proof of the sincerity of his concern by a munificent contribution to the fund for the relief of the martyred population. Never was the great conception of a powerful State having duties along with interests more magnanimously realized.’

If there is in the history of our country any other time when her brightness shone forth with all her ancient glory unobscured, it was when, on the invasion of a small State to which her word had been pledged, something not distinguishable from true passion for international rectitude and public faith welded the mind of her people into an iron will for war. Uncertain for a few days as to her duty, and divided in her opinion, she shook off her perplexity the moment it became a question

¹ Carlyle’s *Cromwell*, iv. 117.

² *Cromwell*, pp. 441-2.

of fidelity to her word, of common honesty between States, of the observance of public law, of the defence of the right of a little State to independence. These things she recognized as standing amongst her own vital interests, without which her life was hardly worth preserving. The words spoken by the great statesman whose wisdom and patient strength in these troublous times are as a beacon light on her path, found an echo everywhere throughout the far-flung Empire. 'What account,' he asked,¹ 'could we, the Government and the people of this country, have been able to render to the tribunal of our national conscience and sense of honour, if in defiance of our plighted and solemn obligations we had endured, and had not done our best to prevent, yes, to avenge, these intolerable wrongs? For my part, I say that sooner than be a silent witness, which means in effect a willing accomplice, to this tragic triumph of force over law, and of brutality over freedom, I would see this country of ours blotted out of the pages of history.'

¹ Mr. Asquith's Guildhall Speech, Sept. 4, 1914.

GOD'S REQUIREMENTS

BY JAMES DRUMMOND, M.A., LL.D., Litt.D.

WHEN we allow our thoughts to stray back to the days of old, and read the records of antiquity, we are almost startled to find how little the deeper passions of human nature have changed. Knowledge has advanced with giant steps, and the arts by which we can subdue material forces to our own purposes have reached a marvellous, and still growing, perfection. But knowledge without love only serves to increase the misery of mankind ; and at the present day a wonderful organization of knowledge, industry, and skill is engaged in the ruthless infliction of hideous ruin upon whole nations. Some speak hopefully of a war which is to end war ; and it may be that trembling horror before the monster which militarism has conjured up will subdue the nations as never before into shame and repentance, and awaken in governments some

genuine appreciation of that Christianity which they have so long flouted with mocking adulation. But the baffled expectation of a Divine peace is very ancient. Isaiah and Micah anticipated the time when 'the Lord shall reprove strong nations,' and 'they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks : nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.' But then, as now, luxury, jealousy, ambition, and covetousness prevented the fulfilment of their vision ; and men, determined to follow wickedness, made vain attempts to bribe God into allowing privileges to sin. In opposition to all these things Micah set forth the requirements of God in a sentence which has been pronounced by Professor George Adam Smith to be 'the greatest saying of the Old Testament.' Whether this be so or not, it is certainly one of the grand and timeless utterances of the true prophetic spirit. It recalls us from the vain ceremonies and professions which the selfish and superstitious soul offers as a substitute for religion, and insists on the deep moral and inward character of God's requirements. 'He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good ; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God ?)

The words are as fresh now as when they were

Mic.

first written, and we may derive from them some thoughts which may help to strengthen us at the present time.

The first clause, ‘He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good,’ is very remarkable, asserting, as it does, that man acts against his better knowledge when he sins, and, instead of repenting, offers some fancied propitiation for his sin; and further, that this knowledge of what is good is a revelation from God. The moral faculty in man has been, no doubt, of slow and tentative growth; but among the more advanced races the great lines of morality have been decisively, and on the whole uniformly, drawn. The divine light, hidden amid the darkness of savagery, has been shining more and more brightly till, in certain souls, it has reached the perfect day. We may say, indeed, that all knowledge, however laboriously acquired, is a revelation; for the faculties by which we obtain it have their source in God. If reason is a genuine light, illumining our way towards truth, it is a ray from the infinite Reason, and every truth which, through its patient exercise, we come to perceive, is a revelation. But it is in the discoveries of conscience that this is most clearly recognized. Conscience speaks with a Divine imperative, which refuses to be doubted or disbelieved; and it is here in the last resort, that God has

shown us what is good. This does not, however, supersede the external teaching which is commonly spoken of as revelation. All our faculties, conscience no less than others, are awakened and developed through human intercourse. Great prophets and legislators have laid down the rules of duty, which we might not have unaided discovered. Through them God has shown us what is good ; but as long as their precepts are purely external, and their law is not written on the heart, these precepts are an authority, and a very valuable authority, but not a revelation. This implies a drawing aside of a veil from our own dull perceptions, so that we see for ourselves a luminous ideal, and are no longer dependent on the instruction of the wise. Thus to awaken the conscience the appeal of noble character is the most effective. For the Christian it is the Spirit of Life in Christ, drawing us to itself by the attraction of love, that becomes the inward law of the soul. Once apprehended, it shows us, beyond all doubt and cavil, what is good, the life divine and beautiful which is to be the crowning glory of our manhood.

(In stating what alone God requires of men, Micah sets aside all else as not essential. He has immediately in view the abuses of ceremonial religion. But though ritual is not essential, and is always in danger of becoming

formal and worthless, it nevertheless has its proper place in the worship of God. As a substitute for virtue, it deserves all the scorn that some of the prophets pour upon it ; but it may be a natural and beautiful expression of the heart's emotion, or help to awaken and foster the higher sentiments of religion. It was not in fulfilment of duty that Mary anointed with costly spikenard the feet of Jesus ; the act was the expression of her deep love and veneration, and to this it owed all its value. And so even the old sacrificial rituals, which to us would be so repulsive, may often have borne to heaven the heart's worship ; but it was the penitence, not the outward act, that gave them worth.

We should further observe that Micah does not search out the secret sources of sin, and says nothing of those sudden and tempestuous impulses which seem to overpower the will, and make men captive to sin, giving rise to the struggles and failures so vividly described by Paul. He is dealing with open wickedness, which is under the control of the will. No subtle spiritual poison compels the tradesman to use wicked balances and a bag of deceitful weights ; the rich man, to be violent and oppressive ; the selfish, to utter lies, and keep a deceitful tongue in his mouth ; the judge, to pervert justice for a bribe. And no sinister fate drives a reluctant ruler to do unjustly, to hate

mercy, and to walk arrogantly with his God ; and no thousands of rivers of oil, or of sacrificial blood, can wash away the enormity of such guilt. All these evils are matters of deliberate choice, which a man can lay aside if he will. The opposite virtues are equally within the power of the will. We are not sufficiently in the habit of viewing the whole tenor of our life in the light of reason and conscience ; but in spite of inward faults and failings, we can, if we will, direct the outward course of deliberate action in accordance with the requirements of God.

What, then, are the Divine requirements that thus lie within the power of the will ?

First, 'to do justly.' The phrase in Hebrew is the same as that which is put into the mouth of Abraham when he asks, ' Shall not the judge of all the earth do right ? '¹ And again we are told that all God's ways are ' judgment,'² where we have the same word differently translated. Doing justly, then, is the action of an honourable judge, who uses discrimination, and renders to all their due. Justice, according to Israel's teaching, is one of the high attributes of God. ' Righteousness and judgment,' exclaims the Psalmist, ' are the foundation of thy throne.'³ ' The Lord is righteous,'⁴ and

¹ Genesis xviii. 25.

² Deut. xxxii. 4.

³ Psalm lxxxix. 14.

⁴ Psalm xi. 7.

' loveth righteousness and judgment.'¹ To us Divine judgment wears an austere aspect, and when terrible calamities fall upon the world, we speak of them as a judgment. But to the Hebrew it was far otherwise. The reign of justice was what the oppressed and trembling nations longed for ; and the Psalmist calls upon the heavens to be glad, and the earth to rejoice, because the Lord was coming to judge the world,² and God's judgments were for all that were oppressed.³ But is not the same joyful outlook hidden in the Christian's longing for the kingdom of God ? For that kingdom will be a reign of righteousness, and justice will come down from her heavenly bower to dwell among mortal men. Then will the rod of oppression be broken, and the cry of the poor will be heard, and their wrongs redressed. Then will the grasping and selfish no longer be permitted to trample on the needy and suffering, and look with callous indifference on the tears of the widow and the orphan.

But the coming of this kingdom depends partly on ourselves. God acts through human agents, and he who loves justice requires us to do justly. Justice in man is a supreme virtue, and ought to reign as a conquering sovereign over all the clamorous and selfish passions that

¹ Psalm xxxiii. 5. ² Psalm xcvi. 11 sq.

³ Psalm ciii. 6.

drag us down from its calm and holy ideals. But though we may have a settled purpose of acting justly, it is not always easy to decide what justice demands, because, apart from any deliberate selfishness, self-interest blurs our vision, and prevents us from forming in our own case an impartial judgment. How, then, shall we make sure that our judgment is just, and that we are not withholding something that is due to others ? Only by following Christ's rule, seeking not our own will, but the will of Him who sent us into the world to fulfil the obligations which he lays upon us as his children. So seeking, we view the world, and all its tangled interests, not from our own, but from the Divine centre, and perceive in the light of God the unclouded face of justice. This self-surrender which leads us into the quiet court of reason and conscience, where the noisy claims of self are hushed, and the still small voice of duty is plainly heard, is within the power of the will ; and if we act unjustly, we cannot plead ignorance as an excuse if we never seriously questioned ourselves, or sought an escape into that upper air where truth reveals herself in all her radiant purity. Thus, doing justly involves justice not only of deed, but of thought, an unsullied candour of the whole nature, which springs from communion with God, and makes us in some small degree,

according to the range of our activity, organs and revealers of his will.

If justice is thus a supreme attribute both in God and man, it is imperial in its range, and is no less obligatory on nations than on individuals. ‘ Righteousness [or justice] exalteth a nation’ ;¹ and injustice degrades it. For thousands of years wise men and prophets have denounced the monstrous doctrine that the laws of morality are not binding upon nations ; and yet that doctrine flourishes as though it were the highest wisdom in this age, so proud of its fancied enlightenment, so dark and brutal in reality. Men who consider themselves the finest fruit of human culture openly assert a right of conquest, a right, that is, to rob and butcher innocent people, and turn loose upon them all the savage passions by which human nature is disgraced. There is and can be no such right ; it is a wrong immeasurable, dark and cruel as hell. All wars originate, I believe, in injustice ; but this injustice is not necessarily a momentary act, and all on one side. It is a constant element, creating mutual suspicion and fear, which at last relieve themselves in a terrible explosion. If each nation could be confident that all others were just, we should have no wars ; for none would wish to injure another, and, if dis-

¹ Prov. xiv. 34.

putes arose, they would be settled by law and mutual goodwill. To secure this reign of justice must be our ultimate aim. Mere force cannot destroy the reign of terror or the longing for vengeance. False ideas of national greatness must be conquered, and the hearts of brutal men changed, not only in Germany, but in England and France and Russia. If we win, as we hope to win in this war, then we must do battle against the evil within our own souls, and not suffer evil to evoke evil. It would be a sad day for England if Prussia, defeated in the field, handed over to us her arrogant and unscrupulous ambition, and we gloated over the ruin of a great people who have been temporarily misled. We must not allow our admiration of the high sense of duty in which our youth have gone forth to battle to blind us to the fierce and cruel passion which war tends to arouse ; and while I believe the heart of England is sound, there are sinister signs which warn us that all the force of Christian principle will be required to guard us from courses which, in the interests of the future, would be not only immoral, but unwise. In seeking for just and reasonable guarantees of peace, we must put away all bitterness and wrath and malice, and remember that evil can be overcome only by good, selfishness by generosity, hatred by love. There are yet left seven

millions in Germany who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of perfidy and cruelty ; and we must endeavour to strengthen their hands, and through them to establish international relations on the basis of honour and goodwill. When all governments and peoples have learned to do justly, then, and not till then, Micah's prophecy will be fulfilled, that ' nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'

The second duty required of us is ' to love mercy.' Mercy is often spoken of as the attribute which tempers the severity of justice. It has been defined as ' that benevolence . . . which disposes a person to overlook injuries, or to treat an offender better than he deserves.' Understood in this sense, it does not imply any opposition to the former precept ; for while we are bound to accord to others the fulness of their just claims, we are at liberty to remit a portion of our own rights, and the merciful man will listen readily and justly to every plea in mitigation of an offence. The word ' mercy,' however, has in this passage a much wider range of meaning. The Hebrew term is applied to another exalted attribute, which is repeatedly ascribed to God in the Scriptures, and translated ' lovingkindness.' And so far are justice and mercy from being regarded as opposites, as they have often been in later times, that they

are placed together as though one involved the other. If justice is the foundation of God's throne, mercy goes before his face;¹ if he loveth judgment, 'the earth is full of the loving-kindness of the Lord,'² the words being the same as in Micah. The term, then, is practically equivalent to Christian love.) It implies graciousness, compassion, considerateness, readiness to do good unto all men according to our opportunities.

A difficulty, however, may occur in the application of the rule. We are required to *love* mercy; for only thus can it become a pervading principle of action, and descend from its heavenly throne to abide in our hearts, and bring us into communion with the Spirit of God. But love is not under the direct power of the will, and therefore the requirement may seem to demand of us that which it is impossible for us to render. But if we cannot immediately command, we can cultivate the love of mercy. We can reflect on the line of action which mercy prescribes; the deed depends on the will, and we soon learn to love that which we habitually practise. By yielding to the instinctive impulses of compassion, by considering the wants and feelings of others, by refraining from all acts and words that are harsh or cruel, and by trying through sympathy to place ourselves in

¹ Psalm lxxxix. 14. ² Psalm xxxiii. 5.

the position of others, we may attain to that graciousness of temper which seems to bring the air of heaven into our earthly life. And having attained and seen how beautiful it is, we shall certainly love it, and rejoice not only to exercise it ourselves, but to behold its activity in others.

We have seen that justice and mercy are attributes of God, so that in doing justly and loving mercy we are sharing his transcendent life, and showing forth a gleam from the light that is infinite and eternal. It follows that the precepts before us are more than moral, and raise us to the loftiest height of spiritual religion. This is brought forth explicitly by the third requirement, 'to walk humbly with thy God.' These few words express two important thoughts. First, we are asked to walk with God, to live habitually as in his presence and in communion with him ; to be holy, for he is holy ; righteous, for he is righteous ; compassionate, for he has the pity of a father towards his children. This enshrining of the life of God, as in a consecrated temple, goes far beyond the morality which is mere obedience to an outward law, and places us under the law of the Spirit, which makes the whole tenor of our life a spontaneous offering of love. Thus we are redeemed from superstitious terrors and blind remorse, and enjoy that freedom which

belongs only to the children of God who have found in their native home deliverance from the chains of self. But, secondly, to maintain this life even in some suggestive manifestation of its purity and grandeur, we must be humble. The moment we begin to pride ourselves upon it, as though it were of our own creation, its glory fades like the baseless fabric of a dream. For, indeed, when we cease to be humble, we have forgotten God and our dependence upon him, and no longer gaze into his unfathomable perfections. When, with the Prophet, we behold him on his throne, high and lifted up, the one Lord and giver of all, we feel that we are of unclean lips, and all our righteousness is as a fading leaf. Yet it is then, and only then, that the lips are touched with sacred fire, and holy light shines along our daily path. It is thus that he who humbleth himself is exalted, and, raised above the deceiving mists of earth, sees visions and revelations, wooing him ever upward towards the eternal life of communion with God.

Such was the teaching of a simple Hebrew peasant, moved by the sin and superstition and misery around him to utter the word that was breathed within his heart. More than two thousand years have passed since, in brief and pregnant phrase, he summed up the highest faith of Israel. But still his words ring, like a

trumpet call, to our age, rebuking its evil ways and our vain substitutes for the life that is truly divine. And still the nations are deaf to the voice of God, and the ancient vision of worlds unrealized floats before our wistful eyes. Oh ! for the time when the eyes of the blind shall see and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, and the ways of God shall be acknowledged by all nations to be alone just and true, and his kingdom, for which we daily pray, shall come at last in power and glory, and the peoples of the earth dwell together in justice and love, as a holy family of God. Let no man say that in these thoughts we are wandering in the wilds of an untutored fancy ; for ‘he hath shewed thee, O man, what is good,’ and ‘the word is very nigh thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.’

ASPECTS OF FATHERHOOD

BY J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, D.LITT.

‘WHY,’ I was asked one day by a wounded soldier in Oxford, ‘Why does not God interfere to stop the war?’ The same question was recently put and answered by an Anglican bishop. Reverently, he said, it seemed as if God were sitting on the fence, how could we get him to come down on our side, and give us a mighty victory? A strange picture, indeed! An Almighty Sovereign undecided about the value of his subjects’ strife, and ready to be got out of his dilemma (to use the episcopal language) if this country would take the proper course.

Such is the crudest form of a difficulty which has presented itself, it would seem, to many among our countrymen in these latter days. Religious newspapers have been full of anxious questionings. We are threatened gravely with a dire collapse of faith. The air resounds with the cries of the sufferers, and in the face of the great tragedy men

bewail the most grievous issue of all, and wring their hands in lamentation that they have lost their God. I will not answer that a God who sits on the fence is not worth keeping. Behind that unhappy phrase there doubtless lay in the speaker's mind some yearning for justice, some distorted notion of right, which should sway the divine award one way or the other, turn the significance of military success into a moral triumph, and by a British victory prove that this nation had purged itself of evil, and thus justified the ways of God to men.

It must suffice to remark that the picture of the providential order which Jesus presents to us is conceived upon quite other lines. The scene of our existence is maintained with an unvarying steadfastness. In the daily round God never falters. He pledges himself to an impartial bounty which draws no distinctions between the evil and the good, but sends its mercy equally on the just and unjust. But this elevation of beneficence has another aspect. It is one of the appalling contrasts of the present war that the same sun looks down upon the slayer and the slain. The shot and shell which fly across the trenches follow the same laws and move with the same energy from whichever line they start. Through the materials and forces of nature God puts his will at the service of the combatants on either side, asking no question 'Is your quarrel

just ?' Each host, in that sense, can claim that God is with them, and they with God. He will not divert the bullet from the heart of the brave and faithful that stands in its course ; it must travel on the path by which it was sent, for God, in Old Testament language, is no respecter of persons.

This is but the illustration on the battle-field of that persistence in nature which sometimes bears the aspect of pitilessness. The storm which flings a vessel on the rocks does not arrange that only the dishonest shall drown. The earthquake which engulfs a city buries within its ruins the innocent child and the hardened criminal. The plague which desolates a continent enters the peaceful home as well as the reeking haunts of excess and shame. And yet all through the catastrophes of nature runs a thread of order which is never broken. The sunshine and the rain are but the visible symbols of a will which binds together the mighty energies of the universe into one intelligible whole, and sets them on this earth for our use. On their stability man's whole life is based. Had not God settled whether the sun should rise to-morrow, there could be neither science nor morals. Here is the ground for the education of character. It is by our reliance on God's steadfastness in the infinite variety of processes and events around us that we little by little gain a footing of security. From the first

Order

rude hut of boughs and mud to the vast network of social relations in mighty cities and lonely outposts of civilization and the innumerable links of intercourse by land and sea, the history of man, as he learns to use the powers hidden in earth and air and water, is the long record of his trust in God, and God's unfailing answer to his confidence. True, he is environed by dangers, but he learns to avoid them ; true, he is encompassed by perils, he is invited to overcome them ; true, he is beset by mysteries, he is bidden to solve them. These are the ways by which manhood is developed, thought widened, courage trained, and existence raised from the level of the brute to that high rank of beings of large discourse, looking before and after, which religion fearlessly calls 'sons of God.'

Ah, but it is asked in poignant tones, what is the meaning of the Fatherhood of God in any wide and comprehensive sense when we look at the appalling sufferings inflicted upon so many innocent non-combatants in this present fearful strife ? Is it not plain that Christianity is founded on one vast mistake, and its chief hope is only a poetic dream, irreconcilable with the grim facts of experience ? There are various answers to such questions from different points of view, which may at least mitigate if they cannot altogether relieve the gloom which falls with such painful moral obscurity upon many hearts. In the first

place we are apt to be misled by what may be called the 'illusion of quantity.' It is true that we are witnessing an unexampled outburst of loss and pain, of wounds and death, of ruined homes and devastated lands, of blighted lives and desolated affections. Dire facts of incalculable agony are daily forced upon our sight ; they mount with awful rapidity from month to month into a colossal mass of waste and anguish, whose magnitude staggers us with its immensity, inflicted with a cruelty which evokes passionate indignation, and a brutality which stirs an equally passionate disgust. These horrors are enacted on a scale and within a short compass of time which compel us to observe them. The Angel of sorrow enters the homes of our friends ; the shadow of imminent danger hangs over still more. On street after street we may see the wounded and the maimed ; and it is true that suffering of this kind has no parallel, thank God, in our history. But needless suffering is not unknown in our civilization. Disease which might be prevented takes its annual toll of lives which might be saved, were we only alert enough, resolute enough, unselfish enough, self-controlled enough to prevent it. Every year, we are told, half a million of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom contract consumption ; one hundred and fifty thousand are incapacitated from earning their livelihood ; while in England and Wales alone tuberculosis in its various forms

sends some fifty thousand victims to their graves. Medical science is well aware how largely these terrible totals may be reduced, but the indifference of the community will not provide the means. Year after year the lives of tens of thousands of infants are wasted, in unsanitary homes which ought to be rendered clean and sweet, through the ignorance of mothers who ought to have been protected by knowledge, in consequence of poverty which ought to be raised above the sweater's wage.¹ More than a generation ago Dr. Norman Kerr told the Social Science Congress that the drinking habits of the United Kingdom were responsible directly and indirectly for one hundred and twenty thousand deaths per year.² This terrible total

¹ In 1911-13 the annual death rate under one year per 1,000 births in Farnworth, Burnley, and Wigan was 180, 177, 165 respectively. At Nelson, in the same county, it was 87; for England and Wales, 111. Supplement to the 44th *Annual Report of the Local Government Board*, 1914-15. In 1910 the Medical Officer of Health in Birmingham found that the infant mortality among the poor of the city was 200 per 1,000; among the middle and rich, only 50. Much has been done in the reduction of these rates in the present century: so that we are told that every year 50,000 infants are saved who would have died 15 years ago (Ashby, *Infant Mortality*, 1915, p. 36). But it can still be said broadly that out of every 800,000 children born, 100,000 will die before completing one year of life. The births in 1913 were 1,102,123, implying a mortality of more than 122,000. How many more have yet to be saved in future years!

² After further investigation this estimate was raised by

has been reduced by recent enquiry to seventy-seven thousand odd for England and Wales in 1913.¹ We are shocked when we see such figures staring us in the casualty lists, we let them pass carelessly when we read them in a medical report or a daily paper; it is shocking enough, we say, but men must have their beer; and, it may be added, the shareholders in breweries and distilleries their dividends. The conqueror sweeps through town and village and homestead with a hideous orgy of lust. What secrets of infamy does not the night veil from city to city, from London to Berlin, in years of peace; what calculating selfishness is not engaged in the provision for abominable enjoyments; what cold brutality is not masked in false advertisements to entrap maiden innocence! These things go on from day to day, and year to year, and generation to generation. They are multiplied from land to land. They mount with incredible rapidity into gigantic totals of physical suffering and moral wrong, and no one asks why God does not interfere to stop *them*. In other words the pain and sin of the war are only the same things more

him to a minimum annual mortality of 200,000. See his pamphlet, *The Mortality from Intemperance*, 1879.

¹ By Dr. Norman Porritt, in 'A Study of One Year's Alcoholic Mortality in England and Wales,' in *The Alliance Year Book for 1916*. The estimate is based on the ages 1 to 5 and 25 to 65.

visible, more acute, more intense, more striking to the imagination, than the pain and sin which are constantly present with us, which attract little notice, and from which we can easily turn our eyes away, because it takes too much trouble to arrest them. The whole mass of the war's horrors could they be all rolled into one, presents no greater moral difficulty beneath the conception of a holy God, than does the sum of one day's normal infraction of his laws—nay, than one single violation of his rule. You cannot draw a line through human doings and say 'So much suffering and so much wrong can be accommodated within the Fatherhood of God as taught by Jesus; but so much more proves it a hollow mockery and a worthless sham.' Either all, or none. The evil is not morally worse because there is more of it. If God can tolerate one breach of his order, why not ten million? Reason must teach faith to shake off the illusion of quantity, and in that sphere at least regain its trust.

But again, the very name 'Father' itself beguiles us. We use it with every kind of endearing but human association. It evokes the image of wise and loving and environing care. We recall our own childhood shielded from danger, anxiously guarded from risk, tended in weakness, protected as far as possible from the ills that flesh is heir to, the shocks of circumstance, the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. But we look out on

nature and see no exemptions. Fire burns and water drowns and bad air poisons as impartially as the sun shines and the rain falls. No hand is reached from heaven to save the inmates of a blazing house, or arrest the waves which batter a vessel driven on a lee shore. Rescue, if rescue there be, must be achieved by the fire-escape and the life-boat manned by human hands. In that sense the analogy of the beloved name is incomplete. God does not stay the ravages of the shell any more than he checks the germ-agents of disease. If we expect him to change the mechanism of the universe for our benefit, we look for his Fatherhood in the wrong place.

Where, then, does it lie? Where, indeed, should it lie but in that which is the essential idea of fatherhood, at once the fount of being, and community of nature? God is the source of our existence, but so he is of stones and stars. But we do not therefore call him Father, though the Greeks did, in Platonic phrase, 'Father of the universe,' and so the word stands in the first clause of the Creed, 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth.' God is the builder of our frames, but so he is of beast and bird, yet we do not call him Father of our dogs and hens. He is Father in virtue of the supreme privilege of our conscious life, whereby he makes us sons, calling us within the limits of our nature into the august fellowship of reason and conscience,

of affection and will. There lies the proof of our kindred, in the moral sphere, as Jesus indicated, when, pointing to the serene uniformities of God's action in the outward world, he bade his hearers reach the perfection of the Father in heaven.

That was the boldest summons ever addressed by one man to his fellows. Jesus has no doubts about the capacities of human nature. He speaks to the peasant, the fisherman, the artisan, the shepherd, and he dares to challenge them to achieve the perfection of God ! In the midst of poverty and toil he sees his comrades in labour and privation under

‘The light that never was on land or sea,
The consecration and the poet's dream,’

invested with ability to resemble the Maker and Sustainer of the world ; and he lays on them the tremendous duty of reproducing in their own being and character the moral completeness of the Father on high. That perfection he makes no attempt to prove. It belongs to God simply as God, and Jesus always speaks of God as known by experience rather than demonstrated by reasoning. God is seen by the pure heart, not brought into view out of the dark by a dialectical process. But Jesus illustrates, though he does not argue. He points to what all may recognize, the imprint of God's goodness upon earth and sky. There in the daily round he offers equal opportunity to all.

There he puts his eternal energy moment by moment at our disposal. There he promises the sower who has prepared the ground that he may sleep and rise in quiet confidence, till the golden grain is ripened and the harvest come. Man is the heir of all these bounties. God calls to him to use and to enjoy. He plants him, dowered with eye and hand and brain, in the midst of a stable order which he learns to trust. He opens to him little by little treasures of knowledge, secrets of power, and appeals for his response. ‘Understand me, find me out. I am for ever here, I work through you and with you; do you work also with me. Fulfil my purpose, carry out my will, sow the seed of wisdom and goodness, and reap the fruits of joy and peace in unity of spirit with my steadfastness and love.’

It is a tremendous opportunity. But we forget too often that every opportunity implies a risk. In nature the risks are manifold, and it is no part of God’s plan to provide us with superhuman defences against them. We walk from hour to hour amid a thousand dangers. The sun-lit air may be full of peril, the stagnant pool breeds fever, the insect on the wing may carry death. The villager who builds on the slopes of a volcano may perish in an eruption. The miner who goes down into the pit in the morning, knows not whether he may not be carried out ere night mutilated by the falling of a tunnel, or a corpse

through an explosion of fire-damp. The sailor battles with the storm and relies on seamanship and skill to save his ship. We do not expect God to interfere to save us from the risks attached to our use of the fixed order of his ways. We know that these are the conditions under which he puts the powers of nature within the range of our thought and will. He does not abate their hardness, or ease their severity. The tower of Siloam fell when its supports gave way, indifferent whether those it crushed were sinners or devout. It has indeed been recently argued by an eminent scholar that an American liner which narrowly escaped being blown up by a mine off the coast of Ireland near the beginning of the war, was saved by a special act of Providence. Where, then, was Providence while the floor of the North Sea has been sown with wrecks from the same cause, and the Maloja went down in sight of Dover with its precious freight of souls ? No, once more, our belief in the Fatherhood of God is not an insurance against danger, a defence against the consequences of unintentional intrusion into his ways, or ignorant violations of his order. It does not even guard us from the plots and terrors of man. It is no shield from aggression, or charm against cruelty. It leaves us exposed to all the shafts of wickedness, it stays no fury of attack against the innocent. And yet it is the deepest thing in our life, the priceless blessing of our souls, the secret

assurance of our fulfilment of his purpose, the ground of our hope of immortality. For though the summons of Jesus carried with it no immunity from pain or loss, it leaps implicitly through death and plants us in the midst of God's eternity. We do not reach the fulness of our being here. The brave young lives arrested in the trenches pass from our sight to advance another stage in the great march to completeness otherwhere.

Ah, but it is said, how unlike the fathers that we know, who watch over the first steps of our infancy, whose forethought is continually on the alert to secure the safety and promote the welfare of their children ! Like all resemblances between the finite and the infinite, the analogy is of necessity defective. This piece of work that we call man is wrought by God ; but we do not think of him as having the same parts as our persons, and speak but in figures when we place ourselves beneath his eye, or lay our burdens of sin or trouble at his feet. The endowments of our inner life are the signs and proofs of his fatherhood, as our intelligence is framed to match the thought that pervades the scene around us, and our energies move or act at our command in conflict or in harmony with his. And as in the home the father guides the opening mind and watches the unfolding character, to check wayward passion and develop self-control, to strengthen the trembling endeavour and win obedience and loyalty by love,

so in the larger field of human life does the Father in heaven provide the helps and promptings and restraints needful for the discipline of souls.

Vast, indeed, is the sphere of the education of humanity. All kinds of powers are lodged in our nature. Many of them remain long unknown, and only slowly do we learn their use. But gradually the chambers of our being are unlocked, and treasures of beauty, wisdom, good, are made known to us. They carry with them various values, and they soon claim allegiance above the appetites and impulses of our common life. In this variety we grow to clearer apprehension of their several worth. All that is true and worshipful, just, pure and lovely and of good report, calls to us, 'Give us room, make a fair place for us, we are here to serve you, neglect us not, or we shall pass unheeded from your sight and come no more.' But no constraint is put upon us. No mechanical control grips and compels us. We move about in worlds unrealized, and we find that the making of good or evil lies in our hands. We are the authors of our destinies. We are the creators of our own future characters. We are the builders of the city of God which the Father is for ever rearing as a home for souls in our midst. To us he shows a little portion of his mighty plan. To us from time to time he imparts suggestions in widening horizons, in increasing clearness, giving to those who have eyes to see enlarging visions of human

welfare, and to those who have skill to plan and will to resolve expanding power to fulfil them. But no necessity encompasses us, for obligation is not compulsion. ‘I ought’ is not the same as ‘I must’ ; the methods of physical causation do not bind the soul. God opens before us infinite possibilities ; he offers us innumerable options ; he initiates in each new individual a far-reaching range of experiment. There are perils and pitfalls as there are also shelters and helps. But we must bear the consequences of our own mistakes. The issues of error cannot be evaded. And so complicated is the nexus of affairs that a single decision may drag ruin in its train, and spread its ghastly issues all around the globe.

What hope, then, it is asked, is there for a favourable result ? What security have we that the forces of evil in man may not bear down the powers of good ? If these immense responsibilities are entrusted to him, may not the burden be more than he can bear ? May he not sink beneath onsets of passion which he can no longer resist ? If he is called to work out his own salvation, is there any assurance that he will succeed ? Is it not conceivable that his dreams may fade, his visions vanish, his endeavours droop, his aims degenerate ? If his command over nature is extended, may not increasing corruption of the heart make his last state worse than the first ?

To those who have implicitly believed the uni-

verse to be rational, and yet are haunted in the midst of the present agony by the fear of the utter ruin of all their expectations for the future of humanity, it may be replied that if God made man, designing him to attain certain ends, he knew (in plain language) what he was about. In other words may we not believe that the courses of human evolution are not left without some safeguards, so that man's choices shall gradually fall more and more decisively on the right side? I will not dare to speak of this in the divine sphere, or presume to measure the aids which God may vouchsafe, or the graces which he may bestow from time to time during man's long ascent towards the light. But I will appeal to the elemental facts of our common experience. In the moral struggles in which we are from time to time involved, what is our real attitude towards the conflicting impulses of good and evil? Do we not recognize, if not at the time when we are hurried by passion into violence, or driven by fear into falsehood, at least in calmer reflection afterwards, that the self-control which we should have maintained would have set us in harmony with the steadfast order of the heavens, and the truth to which we owed allegiance was rooted in the very being of the universe? Does not that point us to an essential solidarity of good all the world over and all time through? But who can declare the same of the evil which he momentarily chooses,

and afterwards so bitterly repents ? Who will affirm that in fitful gusts of anger or in secret plans of selfishness he recognizes a communion with any permanent or enduring power ? It is the character of our better choices that they all converge upon some higher, wider, vaster good, which for ever enlarges its boundaries, and wields a spreading and abiding influence. The adroit schemer may insidiously suggest with Marc Antony,

‘ The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones,’

but the long line of the heroes and the saints who have led mankind upon the upward way suffices to disprove this melancholy statement. The tangles of evil tend slowly to undo themselves and disappear. Its forces have no unity. They are all in conflict not only with the good but with each other. Their energies cannot cohere ; they tend to mutual check and final dissolution. Their temporary alliances break down ; their connexions separate themselves and are dispersed. They are of course renewed, but in fresh forms without the support of a permanent embodiment in enduring shape. But the activities that make for good in the pursuit of truth, in the creation of beauty, in the achievement of right, are all interrelated. They are linked to each other by innumerable hidden ties, so that whatever strengthens one

group will in the long run invigorate all, and carry them forward to reaches higher still.

But if, as I have urged, we must be on our guard against being misled by the illusion of quantity, we must no less shield ourselves against the illusion of time. We can invent no measure of speed or lay down conditions for determining the rate of advance. Experience does not even warrant the claim that moral progress shall be continuous or unbroken. Any appeal to force as a method of settling disputes is a return to the primitive customs of the cave. Such survivals are to be expected everywhere ; but they may be found in strange company with practice of a wholly different kind. How many millenniums of human silence preceded the ages when morality first becomes articulate in Egypt or Mesopotamia, in India or China, it is impossible to tell. We may be certain that the period since history began is brief compared with the previous duration of our race upon the earth. What is significant is the sympathy of principles of justice and order revealed in so many different attempts to co-ordinate harmonies of nature and of man. They take varying forms, yet they express common aspirations, and point to a fundamental unity of experience as the basis of ethical education. In the concord of heaven and earth the sages of China discerned the abiding ground of the relations of organized social life. To the singer of the Vedic hymns *sat*,

the neuter participle of the verb 'to be,' identified 'that which is' with both 'true' and 'good'; and *Rita*, the path or course of nature, enfolded even the gods within its steadfastness, and supplied the norm of virtue for the law-abiding and devout. The queenly figure of *Maat* in temple and tomb beside the Nile presented her as the impersonation of justice, without whose aid neither the sovereignty of heaven nor the administration of the underworld could be complete. Shamash, the sun-god, whose all-seeing eye renders him the guardian of righteousness on earth, gives laws to Hammurabi in Babylonia more than a thousand years before the leaders of Israel are ready to take up the tale.

Manifold are the influences which have affected the ideals and the practice of ethics since Greek philosophy and Roman law provided Christianity with modes of intellectual culture and ecclesiastical rule. The new religion was launched into the Roman empire with an immense moral enthusiasm which finally secured its victory. It might be again and again driven into the background by the masterful pretensions of dogmatic control; but it was strong enough to survive the decay of the Latin civilization, and from century to century produced new types of character, to match one or another of the Gospel words. And some victories, at least, have been finally won. Persecutions for heresy affecting life and limb

have ceased. No wars will again be waged among the advanced nations in the name of religion. Nor will the personal ownership of one man by another be ever re-instituted where it has been abolished after long effort and at great cost. Vast social changes have been inaugurated in the last century to give effect to new democratic ideals.

The passions and cruelties of the French Revolution wore themselves out, but the cry of 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' in which Bishop Westcott discerned the appeal of Christianity to modern needs, compelled the nations to listen, and inspired manifold voices of latter-day prophecy. After the Napoleonic era the Vienna Congress, which had so unhappily subordinated popular to dynastic interests, arranged for periodical meetings of the representatives of the Powers. At one of these, held at Verona in 1822, a secret treaty was drawn up between Austria, Prussia, France, and Russia, which contained the following clauses:

Article I.—The high contracting Powers, being convinced that the system of representative government is equally as incompatible with the monarchical principle as the maxim of the sovereignty of the people with the Divine Right, engage mutually in the most solemn manner to use all their efforts to put an end to the system of representative government in whatever country it may exist in Europe, and to prevent its being introduced in those countries where it is not yet known.

Article II.—As it cannot be doubted that the liberty of the Press is the most powerful means used by the pretended supporters of the rights of nations, to the detriment of those of

Princes, the high contracting Parties promise reciprocally to adopt all proper measures to suppress it not only in their own States, but in the rest of Europe.¹

Grosser violations of national liberties can hardly be imagined ; the selfishness of rulers could go no further. Who can conceive such an issue from the present war ? A century has passed since Waterloo. It is an imperfect measure of the progress of our political ethics. There are periods when civilization seems arrested, and the forces that make for ordered advance are thrust into the background. But beneath the surface they gather strength for new movement, and when the summons comes they emerge into the light. They do not keep time with our chronology ; they break out unexpectedly, through causes hidden from our view—who could have foreseen the Athens of the fifth century B.C., or have predicted the appearance of Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley ?—but they bring fresh ideas into action, and impart incalculable impulses to feeling and imagination. In spite of many discouraging features of our time, we have ourselves witnessed not a few significant illustrations of endeavour after higher ideals of national and international conduct. The deficiencies of our educational system may still be grave, but a comparison with the chaos of fifty years ago reveals an immense devel-

¹ Quoted by Mr. Moreton Frewin, *The Nineteenth Century and After*, February, 1916, p. 347.

opment of the sense of public duty and goodwill. The moralist may look with apprehension on the swift increase of wealth and luxury, but each discovery of a social wrong awakens a reformer's zeal, and though impatience may clutch in haste at unsound remedies, the conscience of the community is stirred to seek a better way. In the intricate problems that arise on the margin of empire there has been a slow rise in standards of equity and sympathetic comprehension in dealing with native races under our protection ; and wars for gain are unequivocally condemned. Who now would justify the compulsion of China to open her ports to Indian opium ? The rise of the principle of arbitration and its application in conspicuous instances, such as the Alabama and Venezuela controversies with the United States, or the anger roused by the attack of Admiral Rodjestvensky's fleet upon the fishing boats on the Dogger Bank, together with the creation of the Hague tribunal, proved that British statesmen were ready to initiate methods of amity for the settlement of disputes, and to recognize the claims of smaller nations to share in deliberations that might make for the world's peace.

Is it not in this sphere of the gradual elevation of our ideals, and their increasing influence in the education of feeling and the control of action that we may discern the operation of what we have learned to call Providence ? May we not say that

it is the power which is continually tending to transmute the lower elements into the higher ? It is in the physical world the mysterious force which weaves together out of earth and air and light the plant whose life rises above mechanic motion or even chemic change ; which, in its turn, lifts the animal above the plant ; and, in fine, using the same elements, converts these once again to support the fabric of mind, heart, and soul. And similarly in the moral world it is the power which so links together the vicissitudes of life with the processes of thought, the judgments of conscience, the impulses of affection, that the less worthy may be gradually transfigured into the more worthy. It is the secret energy which plays through this mighty sphere of spiritual powers, guiding their action into fresh lines, so that to those who discern it, yield to it, obey it, aye trust and revere it, it is always on their side to impart strength for righteousness, and make for inward harmony of love, joy, and peace.

In this visible scene, then, what is its meaning ? Do we expect that it will guard us miraculously against the shocks of accident, the perils of war, the sorrows of death ? Is it an amulet against wounds, a charm to avert pain ? No, assuredly, our belief in Providence—which is only another term for the Fatherhood of God—does not rest on the supposition that all things are arranged for our gratification. It does not alter one jot the

mechanism of the universe to save the righteous from disaster or overwhelm the sinner with retribution. It guarantees no immediate victory to the just cause, or swift defeat to grasping and predatory ambition. Does it leave us, then, helpless and stricken, amid blood and tears? By no means. You may see it constantly at work subduing the natural impulses of resistance with lowly resignation of all personal claim, or transforming imperious instincts of self-preservation into immediate thought for others' welfare. How many a soldier has been lifted by it into steadfast endurance of wounds, without a thought of resentment against the enemy whose shell has cost him eye-sight or limb! How many maimed bravely declare that 'it was worth it,' and they would go through it all again, for freedom and justice and the country that they love! How many more, mourning for husband or lover, son, or brother, on whose dear faces they will never look again, have risen above the hateful passion of revenge, still paraded, alas, in some sections of our press, and taken up the burden of grief without wrath, not disquieted because the sacrifice for which they had made ready has been exacted from them! When some sudden catastrophe shatters the happiness of a home, the prepared heart is not overwhelmed. The first bitterness of bereavement, the wild sense of impotence, the dull and heavy burden of abiding pain, are slowly

changed by a divine alchemy into priceless treasures of faith and hope and love. In patient self-surrender, in daily duty, in constant thoughtfulness to others, God ministers to the meek and suffering soul, feeds it with strength, supports it with sympathy, comforts it with tenderness, and thus transforms the mingled impulses of its first passionate hours into the calm of an abiding peace.

And there is an aspect of war in which many noble natures, when the cause is deemed worthy, have found its justification. If it displays the most hideous side of our being, its capacity for ruthlessness and savagery, for brutal passion and excess, it also calls forth virtues of endurance, loyalty, obedience, courage, sacrifice, incalculably beyond our ordinary life. Here are the notes of man's sonship, however they may sound now jangled and out of tune. In sudden emergencies men reach at a moment's notice heights of self-surrender, which in the opportunities of our common days they might never have achieved. There are tests of character, there are conquests of temptation, there are victories in trial, there are triumphs over suffering, there are ascensions above selfishness, upon a scale of dignity, of radiant nobleness, of heroic enterprise, which God may indeed discern in the loving and lowly fulfilment of home duty, but which do not reveal themselves to the outward eye. But, it cannot be denied, there are also violences of wrath, furies of reprisal,

in the ranks of the combatants, and corruptions of heart and vehemences of hate and plots for selfish gain and intrigues for political and party advantage, corroding and debasing the national sentiment at home. Who shall strike the balance among these mingled products of good and evil, or in these cross-currents of human energy charge God with the responsibility because he does not interfere to stop the war ?

Whatever grounds for faith we once possessed—in the order and beauty of the world, in the testimonies of the wise and holy, in the witness of the spirit within—we still possess undimmed. Neither the starry heaven nor the moral law has lost its majesty or ceased to awake our wonder or our awe; duty is still the stern daughter of God's voice ; love yet prompts to sacrifice and silently reveals its kinship with the great heart of the world. Strife may confuse our vision, but the cloud is on our eyes and not on these ‘things unseen.’ One lesson, however, we have learned with an intensity unrealized before—the gravity of the powers with which God has entrusted man, the tremendous conflict between good and evil which may rage within his breast, the far-reaching issues of his acts, the fearful peril of the corruption of the best. The war which man has made, man himself must end. Before us stands the deathless vision of the kingdom of God, the rule of righteousness and love and peace. The

capacity to discern it involves also the capacity for untiring endeavour to attain it. On us is laid the task of finding out the way, and on that path may God be our teacher. Let no mists of fear or passion hide it from our sight. Let us give ourselves to it with dauntless faithfulness, and we shall be 'steadfast and unmovable,' because assured that our labour shall not be 'in vain in the Lord.'

THE ALCHEMY OF SACRIFICE

BY HENRY GOW, B.A.

THE littleness, the insignificance of man, and the wickedness and folly of the world are the constant theme of the pessimist. That feeling is voiced with the most incisive, brilliant, and despairing conviction by the writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes, and is summed up in the words, 'Vanity of vanities, all things are vanity.' Man is the creation of a day : all his hopes and fears, his wit, his wisdom, his affection lead to nothing. He spends his little life in fruitless efforts and in idle dreams. Whether he is wise or foolish, good or evil, does not really matter. It is a moment's anger of bees in their hive, a trifling murmur of gnats in the gloom. It means nothing, it leads to nothing. The universe is utterly indifferent to us. We play our little parts, we enjoy and suffer, we quarrel and love, we talk of great things to be done, we are excited about our own affairs or about the affairs of the world. Nothing

comes of it. We are utterly deluded. The best men are the most deluded of all.

The Kingdom of Heaven is no nearer to-day than it was when Jesus died upon the cross. There is no peace, no satisfaction, no hope anywhere.

The man who lives for pleasure will find it dust and ashes in his mouth. The man who lives for power will find it a weary weight of care. The man who lives for wisdom will find it useless and vain. But the man who imagines some great good beyond himself and fights and dies for that is even more deluded than the rest. His failure will be the most conspicuous because his hopes were highest, his disappointment will be most bitter because he seemed to have most right to claim success. Man is essentially impotent and insignificant. He is a miserable failure. Death ends the stupid story of his life.

That is the doctrine of Ecclesiastes, and it is well sometimes to look that view of life in the face. The universe is a collection of blind unmeaning forces; we are living in the presence of a vast indifference. The best thing men can do is to make themselves as comfortable as they can for the few years of life which have been granted to them on the earth, and to refuse to be deluded and made uncomfortable by ideals.

The whole meaning of religion is essentially the stern opposition to that point of view. The fundamental question for all religion is—What think

ye of man? Whose son is he? Are we indeed chance products of something called life-force, mere bubbles on the surface of the hurrying stream of time, bursting like bubbles after a few moments and leaving no trace of ourselves upon the world, or are we related to the divine, sent here for great purposes, with powers of will and thought and love which are infinitely important for ourselves and for the world?

There is something in us which revolts instinctively against the pessimism of Ecclesiastes. There is something in us which cries out with anger and indignation against that view of life. We cannot breathe in such an atmosphere. We are prepared to face disappointment and defeat and pain and loss, but the doctrine that these things mean nothing and lead to nothing, that love and self-sacrifice and nobility of soul are a passing phase of deluded self-consciousness, this is a fundamental contradiction of our inmost experience.

Religion has always insisted on the littleness as well as the greatness of man. It has not been blind to the strange contradictions of man's nature, least of all has religion in its highest forms of Christianity been blind to the contradiction. It has not replied to the pessimist's view of life which insisted on the misery and weakness of man by a cheerful pleasant description of man's life on earth, and by urging the unreality of evil.

It has not tried to make out that everything was perfectly right and beautifully good. It has recognized evil in the world as a real thing, it has felt the mystery of evil, but it has felt even more deeply the mystery of good.

It has felt something infinitely great and divine above and beyond man, and has seen something in man which was akin to that which was beyond and above him. It has taught reverence for man not as mere man, not as standing by himself unrelated to anything beyond, but as the child of God.

It has seen in man's love something more than he was conscious of, a sign and symbol of a deeper and diviner love than is realized on earth. It has seen in man's self-sacrifice something more than itself, a sign and symbol of a divine giving by which the world can be redeemed. It feels and teaches that men are greater than they know, that we have in us, despite of all our weaknesses and sins, something which is eternal, something which is only the beginning of a perfect life with God.

Christianity has expressed that thought of man in its conception of Christ. There, it says, is what men were meant to be, what men might be, there is the mystery of God in man, most evident and most supreme.

It was a short life measured by years—what most people would describe as an incomplete life.

It was a life of constant toil, a life of danger, a life of frustrated effort, a life of love without any adequate response. It was a life which soon ended in what seemed a useless, miserable, and shameful death upon the cross. The crucifixion might, as it seems, have been so easily used for the purposes of pessimism. Here was exactly the lesson that the pessimist wants. It is the story of a young man full of baseless hopes and vain enthusiasms. He was foolish and deluded enough to be troubled by the sins and sorrows of his nation. He left his peaceful home where he might have lived happily for many years. He wanted to establish something which he called the Kingdom of God on earth. He went out into a hard and wicked world under the influence of a gigantic delusion. He astonished people for a time. He gave comfort to a few sorrowful hearts and strength to a few sinful souls. He gathered round him some followers who did not understand him. Those who followed him must often have been as deep a source of discouragement to him as his enemies. His disciples did not become ideal men and women. They quarrelled with each other, they expected him to do things which he could not do, and did not want to do. He could not mould even those who were nearest to him and who were constantly with him in his work. We might have expected at least that his own disciples under an influence

so great and good would have been a company of saints.

If goodness is really so strong and uplifting, this great teacher ought surely to have been able to raise his disciples into a higher life. But he failed utterly even with them. Their hopes were not his hopes, their spirit was not his spirit, their thoughts were not his thoughts. One of them turned traitor, another—one of the most trusted and prominent—denied him, and the rest forsook him and fled when death was to be faced. After a year's fruitless efforts it closed with the painful death of a criminal upon the cross. No Kingdom of God was established on the earth. There was no end of misery and sin. There was no judgment, no divine interposition. There was a small movement, based largely on a misunderstanding of Christ's nature and message, which grew up amidst the decay of pagan religion, and which at last developed into a mighty and despotic ecclesiastical system. This too has been able to do little or nothing for the world. Misery and wrong are still everywhere about us. The Christianity which has come from Christ has not saved the world and cannot save it. Christ's life and death are a mere tragic irony.

It seems as if it were the most convincing proof in all history of the pessimist's judgment, 'Vanity of vanities, all things are vanity.' We might have expected that the life and death of Christ

would have struck discouragement, and a feeling of the utter carelessness of God, and of the futility of all sacrifice and love, into the hearts of men.

The strange and wonderful thing is that this supreme example of apparent failure has been the central human inspiration to effort and love and self-sacrifice and belief in God. Not even the most hardened pessimist really feels that that is a convincing proof of the impotence of God and the vanity of human life. We do not think of Jesus as a symbol of the helplessness of man and the failure of love. We do not think of him and his fate as a final negation to the question, 'Is it any use to give ourselves for others and for the salvation of the world?' We do not dream of saying, as we think of him dying forsaken on the Cross, 'Now I know there is no God.'

His influence is the very reverse of this. No one realizing even a little of that life and death can cry out 'Vanity of vanities, all things are vanity.' We can say those words and feel them often amid scenes of prosperity and apparent success. When we think of men who have triumphed in evil doing, when we think of the poor pleasures which often mean so much to us, when we think of our gratified ambitions, our comfortable and sleepy lives, our mild respectabilities, then the feeling of the vanity and littleness of life may haunt us. But when we think of the love and self-sacrifice of Christ, of the infinite hopes,

the faith in human nature, the confidence in God, which were so strong in him, life is lifted up on to a higher plane. We can say ‘Now we know there is a God.’

Man’s life becomes a great, a wonderful and sacred thing pointing to something infinitely above itself, full of meaning and of promise, wrapped in divine mystery and love.

We are feeling this to-day in the midst of the agony of the world. All that makes for a feeling of vanity and delusion and heartlessness in life is strongly in evidence. The awful power of evil is impressed upon us. Our best and noblest are dying in multitudes each day. Organized violence and cruelty crush them out remorselessly. Pain and sorrow and disappointment are everywhere about us. We think with helpless misery of the suffering and martyrdom of men and women.

But the darkness is irradiated by the divine self-sacrifice of myriads. The ideal of giving everything on behalf of right is paramount in innumerable hearts. It is a great and sacred thing for any man or nation to be able to say in the words of Luther, ‘Here I stand, I can no other, God help me, Amen.’ With all my faults, my wickedness, my sins, which I pray God I may feel more deeply, yet I know that in this awful conflict I strive and suffer on behalf of freedom and of justice and of peace. That is the underlying conviction of our young men at the war, not love

of glory or of power nor hatred of the enemy. There is something in these things which fills us not merely with admiration but with reverence. It is not mere heroic actions we acclaim. We have a sense of the divine in man, of something that passes understanding.

That sense of being right and being called to give everything for right in the midst of awful peril makes for a deep peace of mind and heart. The two things are closely united, the anguish of peril and suffering and the peace of being right. If I am merely arguing comfortably with a friend over the fire, and expressing truths of which I am quite certain, and trying to convince him of their truth, there is no deep sense of peace. If I am doing something in ordinary life which I know I ought to do but which does not mean any great sacrifice or danger, there is no deep sense of peace. I am glad to be doing it, but there is no exaltation in my gladness. It is when loss and pain are involved, when the present is dark and the future uncertain, when a man is called to make the utmost sacrifice for right without seeing the issue, without any certain promise of success, that the sense of right and standing for right brings with it the deepest sense of peace. That peace does not exclude hot indignation against evil but it excludes all bitter malice, all thoughts of revenge, all desire to inflict pain for our own pleasure. We are not worthy to fight for good against evil unless

we keep ourselves free from the contagion of the evil against which we fight. The spirit of militarism against which we fight must not be ours. The spirit of violence and cruelty and grasping lust of power against which we fight must not be ours. The more convinced we are of the evil in the system against which we strive, the more determined and anxious we must be to keep ourselves unstained by it.

Terrible as it all is, full of confusion and sorrow and pain as we feel the world to be, there is a hidden splendour behind. Life is not mere vanity and foolishness. It is infinitely wonderful and great. It seeks for the highest, it is capable of any sacrifice, it is essentially divine. Our faith in God is deepened and purified. ‘Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.’ Life is for us to-day no little futile thing. It is revealed to us as stern and awful, but great and sacred beyond our highest conceptions.

God help us to go on in confidence and quietness, and to find peace through sacrifice and love and trust.

GOD AND THE WORLD¹

BY J. H. MUIRHEAD, LL.D.

I

THOSE whose business it is to read philosophical serials even in time of war must have been struck by the spirit of calm detachment with which the great problems of thought are discussed as though there were no such thing as war and politics. This is magnificent and is as it should be. But there is another point of view, and while philosophers are speculating the events of the war may be effecting changes in men's thoughts about the world that philosophy would have taken generations to effect. For it is useless to suppose that men's ideas will be changed on everything that concerns our secular life, and be unaffected where the nature of God and his relation to the world are concerned. It is not necessary to hold that here any more than elsewhere the change will be brought about in its entirety by the war. It has, we may be sure, been prepared for in the general spirit of the time, and finds

¹ The substance of an address given by request as a digression in connexion with a course of lectures on Early Idealist Philosophy in the University of Birmingham, 1916.

in the war rather the occasion than the cause of its manifestation. I am asked to discuss what the immediate effect of the war is likely to be on one class at least of minds, on this great question.

We are accustomed to go to Christian theologians for the arguments on which traditional theism rests, but the first and perhaps the best statement is of far earlier date.

'Let me tell you,' writes Plato in the *Timæus*, 'why the Creator of the world generated and created this universe. He was good and no goodness can ever have any jealousy of anything. And being free from jealousy he desired that all things should be as like himself as possible. This is the true beginning of creation and of the world, which we shall do well in receiving on the testimony of wise men : God desired that all things should be good and nothing bad as far as this could be accomplished. Now he who is the best neither creates nor ever has created anything but the fairest, and reflecting upon the visible works of nature he found that no unintelligent creature taken as a whole was fairer than the intelligent taken as a whole ; and that intelligence can never rest in anything that was devoid of soul. For these reasons he put intelligence in soul and soul in body and framed the universe to be the best and fairest work in the order of nature. And therefore using the language of probability we may say that the world became a living soul and

truly rational through the providence of God.¹

The grounds for the existence and the attributes of God here for the first time stated were afterwards expanded, first by Aristotle, then by Christian theologians, into the well-known arguments—the need of a first cause, the argument from design, the argument from the idea of perfection manifested in our strivings after the ideals of truth and goodness. It has been left to our own time to experience difficulties of an apparently insuperable kind in accepting the conclusion they present to us.

To Plato and the ancients generally there were two great and standing visible witnesses to the existence of a being eternal, perfect, and supremely good : the starry heavens above with the bright immortal perfectly ordered beings that inhabit it, and the diverse species upon earth that could only owe their harmony and beauty to the informing mind of some great intelligent artificer, whether conceived of as Nature or as God. To us all this has been changed. We know that the stars we see are only a few glowing ashes in a world of matter, for the most part of burnt-out cinders, just as the animal species are only a few fortunate or perhaps unfortunate survivors from a universal struggle for existence. If we are to receive the evidence of things like these, we seem to have the witness to something very far removed from a Creator whose

¹ *Timaeus*, p. 29, Jowett's translation.

nature is love, and from a creature whose chief desire is to imitate his perfection. It is for this reason that some have sought to separate between faith and science by carving out a form of witness in particular revelations of divine action beyond the reach of scientific criticism, while others have striven to undermine the logic of science itself by representing its laws and demonstrations as merely convenient but ultimately undemonstrable formulae for the direction of human action. Those to whom these devices seem unsatisfactory, and I believe when it is understood what they involve they must be unsatisfactory to all sincere students, are apt to find themselves in a general atmosphere of uncertainty as to where they stand which only requires some portentous and apparently unmeaning calamity like the present war to be precipitated into active disbelief.

Fell

'We seem to me likely,' said a philosopher friend the other day, 'to have heard the last in the meantime of a loving father. There is nothing but right and wrong left.' He did not explain what kind of right and wrong would be left in a loveless universe.

The object of the notes which follow is not anything so ambitious as an argument to establish the reasons for belief in a personal God. Before anything of this kind can be attempted by modern philosophy we should have to be far clearer than most of us are as to what we mean

by personality and as to what kind of personality would satisfy us as an attribute of deity. While philosophers are in profound disagreement on all this, we may point to another idea coming to us also in the first instance from Platonic philosophy which so far from being weakened has been constantly gaining strength among many different classes of thinkers during the last quarter of a century : the idea of our world as the outcome of purposeful effort, working at the first in the form of physical affinities; at a higher point in vague instincts and impulses; at a still higher in memory and experience, issuing finally at the level of human life in intelligent self-directed action.

'The World as Will and Idea' was the title of an epoch-making book which has proved in every department of knowledge perhaps the most fruitful conception of our time. The psychological foundations in which Schopenhauer's own interpretation rested have no doubt been sapped, but this has left us with the problem how, if not in terms of pain and pleasure, we are to think of the source of this 'vital impulse.' Is it to be interpreted as the mere will to live and enjoy at any cost—the 'will to power' of which we have recently heard so much? Or is it the will to exist in a way that involves the subordination of the will to power, to the will to a good which is not merely ultra-individual but ultra-social. The advantage of stating the issue in this way is that it brings

it back to a question of the actual facts of the world in which we live, and the most reasonable and convincing interpretation of our common experience. Is it true that science has cast its vote irrevocably on the side of the first of these interpretations? Has it proved that the supreme principle of the creative will is strife and the conquest of the weak by the strong, leaving no place or a quite subordinate one for the principle of justice and the desire for good?

II

It might seem as though the commonly accepted doctrine of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest had decided this question in advance. It is true that the crude application of the theory of natural selection by some German writers has recently called forth vigorous protests on the part of biologists. We are reminded¹ that survival in the struggle for existence is achieved on the whole not by direct attack of species upon species, but by 'natural suitability to the organic and inorganic environment and capacity to adapt behaviour to circumstances.' But this fails to meet the difficulty in so far as it still leaves us with the blind forces of natural appetite as the dominating factor in evolution. To find the full answer we have to look deeper.

That 'struggle' has a place and an important

¹ e.g. by Prof. P. Chalmers Mitchell in *Evolution and the War*.

one there can at this time of day be no doubt at all. But to admit this is one thing ; to make struggle and death the all-inclusive or even the fundamental and main factor in the history of creation is another. The more we are coming to know of the conditions of life, both human and sub-human, the less reason there is seen to be for this conclusion. The beginning of the reaction against the all-sufficiency of struggle in accounting for the sub-human world may be dated from Huxley's celebrated Romanes Lecture. In the controversy that ensued two things emerged. It was pointed out that it takes all sorts to make a world. That there may be struggle, there must be combatants. If the sheep ate all the grass and the wolves all the sheep there would be first one large wolf, and then there would be nothing at all. This points to what Sir Leslie Stephen called a tacit alliance between all the creatures as something that somehow goes deeper than their internecine wars. Somewhere there must be a compensatory system that keeps the world in balance. As we come up the scale we begin to see how the place of the tacit alliance is taken by active co-operation between the members of the groups, making it possible for the weak things of the world, the sparrow on the house-top, the duck in the village pond—said to be the most widely distributed species that is known—to confound the mighty and to in-

herit the earth. Step by step moreover with the power of co-operation and mutual protection goes the power of intelligent adaptation of environment, whereby survival is secured and 'the balance of power' in nature is maintained with a growing economy of life.

Human life is not only continuous with sub-human in containing from the first the elements of co-operation and adaptation *of* as well as *to* the environment, but has that in it which pledges it to the elimination of the method of struggle as wasteful alike in respect to the lower and the higher ends of life. If the view that 'man is a wolf to man' is a libel on the wolf, it is much more of a libel upon man. Human society begins in the family where the factors of co-operation, constructive *communication* of life go infinitely deeper than rivalry, destruction, appropriation. Taking it even at its lowest, if we knew nothing of human life but the family, the motto would read far more appropriately 'man is a god to man.' It is true that if there were nothing but family human life would still be 'solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.' It is further true that in the process of expansion to tribe and nation, war and conquest have necessarily played a large part. But even here it is probable that peaceful inclusion and organization has played a far larger, and, however this may be, that the stability of tribal and political

unions has rested far more on the sense of a common interest in a life of peaceful labour and mutual goodwill than on a mutual or a common fear.

What is thus brought home to us from considerations of what we may call the natural development of human society becomes clearer still when we consider the purposes which at a certain stage in that development men come to set before themselves as a conscious aim. I am aware that there are those who hold that the deeper motive of economic and political organization—of the elimination of war—within a nation or group is to be sought for not in any principle of good in human nature, or in the desire to improve life for its own sake, but in the necessity of strengthening the State for purposes of defence or aggression in a struggle which so far from being really mitigated has now reached a far acuter stage in becoming inter-tribal or international. But we only need to realize what such a view commits us to to see how untenable it is. Among other absurdities it commits us to holding that human nature can accept one principle and standard of action and feeling within the bounds of the nation and another beyond them. ‘You may throw nature out with a fork, it will ever return,’ holds of the better as of the worse element in it. You may draw men out in trenches by nations with orders to hate, to maim, and to kill—a common custom,

a joke, a memory of home, will drive them into one another's arms in spite of you. Look at it as we may the sentence on mere force as the principle of progress has been passed in the recesses of the human mind and will. On the other hand, the end has been fixed by the ideal that forms the pulse of the activity of both in the fullness of their own development, a fullness only achievable by the method of peaceful expansion and inclusion.

What light does all this throw on the problem with which we started ? We may be far from the God of the Timaeus, whose essence is good, and still further from the loving Father of the Gospels, but there are one or two things which we can say in the light of it which at any rate may, if we so desire, be taken as a step towards them.

1. The things that hold creation together lie deeper than the things that divide and set part against part, the area covered by concord and co-operation is wider than the area covered by discord and rivalry.

2. In human life the principle we are speaking of works not merely as a natural affection. It works also as an ideal of perfection demanding that the world of human relations be so ordered that it shall as far as possible be a reflection of the fullness of human nature. 'The animals,' says Kant, 'live according to law, man lives

according to the idea of law.' What appears in them as an instinct, appears in man as a moral order which stands for everything he holds most precious : his home, his material possessions, his city and country, his art and science, and all spiritual powers and capacities.

3. Of this and of the laws as of the spirit of concord by which they are sustained we must say that they are no mere human creation for finite purposes of national power and self-assertion. Rather as Antigone says of them, 'They are the unwritten and unfailing statutes of heaven. Their life is not of to-day or yesterday, but from all time, and no man knows when they were first put forth.'

4. What to popular theism including Kant's is a Divine law claiming submission from without may to a deeper view be the witness of the spirit to its own higher will.

' God is law, say the wise : O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.

Law is God, say some : no God at all, says the fool ;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a
pool ;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man
cannot see ;
But if we could see and hear, this vision—were it not He ?'

III

But there is the war. It was the challenge of the war we took up at the outset, and we cannot shirk it here. Putting aside for the moment the worst feature of it in the suffering of the innocent and confining ourselves to the bare fact of the material and moral devastation it has brought and may still be destined to bring—our question is of its compatibility with any theory of the divine love. There are those who have sought the answer in the general awakening it has brought to the serious side of life, the great qualities it has brought out, the spirit of sacrifice, the sense of national unity, the wholly new standard of values, of which it has been the occasion. It is well to have all this recognized as a witness to the power of the moral order in the world to ‘overrule’ and bring good out of evil. But the evil remains, and we shall make a great mistake if in trying to read the lesson of the war on this the most important of all issues we find in it no deeper clue to the nature of our world than that which such reflections supply.

‘It is not possible to bring an indictment against a nation,’ far less against a continent or a civilization, but when the history of the second half of the nineteenth century comes to be written —along with some of the greatest achievements of the human mind, there will be registered, I believe, against it a pre-occupation with material wealth and power probably without precedent in

history. It is unnecessary here, perhaps it is hardly the time, to dwell upon this point or upon its results; the spirit of rivalry that has pervaded the policies of the nations of Europe, the oppression and exploitation of weaker nations by the stronger, the exaggerated inequalities of condition in the home population, with all the soul-destroying influences that this has brought with it of which city slums are only the outward and visible symbol. I do not think that this preoccupation has taken the same form or has involved the same guilt in the leading European nations. In England it has been largely the result of thoughtlessness and want of imagination which in the last quarter of a century (to go no further back) she has done much by her social legislation to redeem. In Germany, too, it was largely unconscious until the ambitions of soldiers and politicians and the complaisance of some leading thinkers led to the attempt to pervert the mind of the nation in the direction of ideals which meant the denial of the principle of human fellowship and the defiance of the moral order. That this should have involved the impregnation of the minds of young children with the virus of national envy and hatred comes surely as near the sin against the Holy Spirit as anything that the modern imagination can conceive, and is the deepest condemnation of the policy of which it was a necessary part. We need not forget that

there was much in the circumstances of the time to lure the nations on to this fatal path—the sudden start under the influence of scientific discovery of machine production, the unforeseen influx of wealth, the growth of political power and the desire of colonial expansion. Before a higher tribunal trying the motives of men and peoples these things would have to be taken in evidence. But nothing can alter the fact that no analysis of the causes of the war can be adequate which fails to take account of this great and general moral aberration as the deepest factor in them. Where it has not taken the form of an organized rebellion against the moral order of the world it has meant a lamentable failure of insight into its requirements in individual and national life.¹ Realizing all this we ask ourselves the question could we really expect or desire anything else than what has actually happened? Could we really desire a world in which the moral order was so invertebrate a thing as to allow itself to be outraged with impunity at its most vital point? Can we really desire that great and national sins should be un-

¹ Lest this should seem to the reader a piece of vague denunciation I mention a single point: the carelessness of the ordinary investor as to the use that is made of his money, whether it be to further beneficial industry or municipal improvements or to build public-houses or cinema palaces, whether to develop real civilization in foreign countries or to support a devastating despotism. See a remarkable article on this, *New Statesman*, April 29th, 1916.

visited with great and national punishments ?

Speaking for myself I find it impossible, except on a thorough-going pessimism, to frame a consistent conception of such a world.

I am aware, of course, that an answer like this may be said to have left the main problem unsolved. Why, it may be asked, should such departures from the spirit of the moral order be permitted at all ? Why, when they have occurred should the chief suffering fall on the innocent ? We may accept a world order in which the sun shines alike on the just and the unjust, but what of the hail and the tempest ? The first of these questions is the problem of evil in general, and lies outside the scope of this paper, but even the limited argument sketched above would be incomplete without some answer to the second.

In an age of robuster faith it might have been set aside with an appeal to the mysterious and inscrutable ways of Providence. To the modern mind it seems easier to deny the Providence than to accept the mystery. And yet if the view I have tried to put forward is anything like the truth of things, I cannot see that there is any reason why this alternative should be accepted as final. I believe it possible by means of the method I have already used at least to suggest a third alternative. It is a corollary (or is it a re-statement ?) of the conclusion of the earlier part of this paper that in spite of apparent inde-

pendence of individuals and local groups human society forms a solid whole. It is no mere pious sentiment that men are members one of another—if not bone of each other's bone, and flesh of each other's flesh; at any rate mind of each other's mind and will of each other's will. We may still be far from the condition of sensitiveness of which Plato prophesies¹ wherein if one member suffers all members suffer with it. But there is sufficient *de facto* community of life and feeling to make it impossible to draw hard and fast lines between innocent and guilty, and to localize the suffering that evil-doing entails.

To this we must add that it is the suffering of the innocent far more than of the guilty that is the redeeming power in the world as we thus learn to know it. It is not merely that the sufferings of the innocent as in the present case awaken in others the sense of an outraged moral order, but they have the power of touching if anything can the conscience of the guilty themselves, and bringing home to human consciousness in general the sense of something wrong in the established order of things for which the innocent themselves are not without their share of responsibility.

In speaking of Christianity Hegel makes use of the phrase the 'guilt of innocence' to point to the impossibility of complete withdrawal from

¹ See *Republic*, Book V, 462.

the strivings and the errors of the world without thereby incurring a new form of guilt. This may suggest to us to ask whether the dogma of vicarious suffering which to so many has been a stumbling block to the acceptance of Christianity in any form is not in reality the one central and vital truth which it is fitted to teach us.¹

Realizing these facts we may again put the question whether we could really desire anything else? Can we desire that human life should be such a thing of threads and patches that joy and sorrow should run along the lines *our* judgments of guilt and innocence mark out? Again I can only say for myself I am unable to form a coherent conception of such a world. Anything I can imagine is as inconceivable as the old division of the dead between heaven and hell. If this seems to the reader, as it is likely enough to do, the veriest arm-chair philosophy, I can only ask him again to look at the facts. There are thousands at the present moment as innocent of the war as he or I (probably enough far more innocent) who are facing wounds and death and making them splendid for themselves and the world by conceiving of them as for the defence or redemption of their country. Is it an arm-chair philosophy that leads some to go a step deeper still into the meaning of present hardship and suffering by conceiving of it as for the redemption of mankind?

¹ As has been claimed, e.g., by Professor Bosanquet.

BELIEF AND EXPERIENCE

BY PHILIP H. WICKSTEED, M.A., LITT.D.

I HAVE often heard people say ‘What a terrible trial of faith !’ when a great anguish has fallen upon a friend. It may have been that a young married couple have been parted by death after a few months of wedded happiness ; or it may be the death of an only child ; or that a man has been laid hold of by a torturing and hopeless disease, or has had to see one dear to him in its grip, while he stood by helpless.

On such occasions I have often wondered what exactly was meant by ‘Faith.’ If we mean by faith the power of realizing things not seen, when the things felt at the moment seem to hide or to contradict them, then these grievous experiences are indeed a ‘trial of faith.’ For it is only a man strong in faith who can defend the hour from the minute, the day from the hour, the abiding from the transient, the whole area of life from the local pressure upon the point at which he is directly

and acutely sensitive. The man whose faith is so tried and who can hold fast what he knows when it is hardest to feel it, has indeed triumphed. And he whose faith has broken down has suffered a vital loss.

But if 'Faith' means not a power of the mind but some kind of formulated conviction or belief, from which a man has been accustomed to draw inspiration or comfort, which has given cohesion to his intellectual life, direction to his conduct, and meaning to his aspirations, then the question rises 'why should such personal sorrows (if they do not unhinge his mind) trouble his faith at all?' Did he not know that such things happen in the world? And did he make up his conception of life, and of the guidance, or the drift, of the universe without including them? Or had his imagination so completely failed to realize them that they practically came to him as 'new facts' in the light of which the case must be re-examined and his 'verdict on the universe' revised? Or did he think that these things happen indeed, but not to those who hold his faith, or follow his practice, or belong to his part of the world? If this be so then it is no wonder that his faith is both tried and found wanting, for it was a false faith. It is well for him to lose it, even if it made him happy. It is well for him to cry,

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind !

Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

For a man to 'lose his faith,' then, may be the tragedy of a weak soul—than which there is no sight more pitiable. For it may mean the failure to hold the truth against local and personal pressure raised to the breaking point. But it may also be the purging of a strong soul, freeing it from some bondage under which consecrated error had laid it.

If any man's faith is tried or broken by the events of the recent past and the present, he asks himself whether that faith was reared on vain fancies which the facts have dissipated, or whether it is that his hold of the abiding truth, which still is true, was so feeble that passing waves can wrench him from the eternal rock. Is the 'man of faith,' he asks, the man who has not realized the strength of evil or the man who never loses his direct sense of the power of good?

Hence the profound significance of the fact—so obvious that it is even over-emphasized in popular conception—that so large a proportion of the great souls on whose strength the world has rested, and in the inspiration of whose faith it has lived, have delivered their message under conditions of personal experience or social environment that seem almost intolerable. Jeremiah, Plato, Jesus, Plotinus, Boethius, Dante, Wordsworth (the list must needs be personal, but every

one can make his own corresponding calendar of afflicted and triumphant saints), either lived under conditions of national and social decadence or political tyranny and corruption that made some kind of withdrawal from the great world a sheer necessity to them, or saw the brightest hopes that had risen upon the bases of their faith dashed to the ground in hopeless ruin, or suffered the extreme of personal misfortune or affliction, or met some combination of more than one of these ‘trials of faith.’

Think of Jeremiah flung into his pit to rot or starve, weeping not for himself but for his country, and yet—most cruel trial of all—unable even to sympathize with his own people’s last struggles for the salvage of their national existence. Think of Plato surrendering all his hopes of influencing the practical politics of his age, and in his own decadent Athens retiring into his garden to live in a ‘city not made with hands’ (as we well may put it), finding little but illusion in the things that are seen and reality only in ‘things invisible.’ Think of Jesus living under an extortionate and cruel government, familiar with such incidents as that of ‘the Galileans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices,’ and finding no consolation in the hopes either of vengeance or of power which sustained the hearts of his fiercer compatriots. Think of Plotinus, with the ruins of the shattered Roman world falling around him,

and his body cramped and paralysed by a relentless and neglected disease. Think of Boethius after his prosperous and honourable toil in drawing together the Gothic and Roman elements in the society around him, and in rescuing the ancient learning to serve as a basis for the new order, and so holding the ages and the nations together, finding himself suddenly fallen under baseless suspicion that itself spelt the failure of his life-work, flung into his prison to await a cruel death. Think of Dante breaking into prophetic rapture as he saw the dawn of a better day already glowing on the political horizon, as he saw the political Messiah already on his march to heal the wounds of Italy, and looked back upon the long tragedy of her sins and sufferings as a thing of the past, and then waking from his dream to find himself in the 'darksome forest' of confusion and dismay in which the dead Henry had left her, and the living beasts of lust and pride and greed now held her fast. Think of Wordsworth, waking at one and the same moment to the existence of the social problem and to the glamour of an illusory solution of it, looking upon that listless and 'hunger-bitten girl' and believing in his very heart that within a few months such sights would be banished for ever from the face of the earth, and then seeing not only his hopes baffled, but the very missionaries and apostles whose purity and zeal was to have brought those hopes to fruition raging round

with the fire of cruelty burning in their eyes, and their arms plunged into innocent blood.

Were their ‘trials of faith’ lighter than ours ? Were the awful facts that make us reel to and fro and stagger like drunken men, that have severed all our moorings, and made us ask whether we were dreaming till August, 1914, or have lived in a nightmare ever since—were these awful facts unknown or unrealized by all these heroes of the faith ? Did they live in a fool’s paradise ; and was their faith beautiful but false, because they were fortunate enough never to have been obliged to recognize that power and that reality of wickedness and evil which have burst upon us ?

No, verily ! But their sense of beauty, goodness, and truth was primary and direct. It was an experience, not a speculation based upon a traditional creed, thrown into a traditional intellectual formula, defended by selected facts or fictions, and shielded by ignorance. It was primary and it was true. And therefore the more closely and terribly evil pressed upon them, the stronger was the resilience of the power of good within them. The more clearly did they see that however strong evil men may seem, evil itself is essentially destructive and parasitic and weak, and good alone vital and constructive. And hence, with a passionate sense of the actuality of evil they boldly proclaimed the supreme reality of good, and with its reality its essential and eternal victory. They knew

that the only ultimate defeat of good in any man's soul is that which comes when evil transmutes the good that is within him to its own foul likeness, when hate wakes not indignation but answering hate, when seeming strength is worshipped as an idol, and 'success' is taken, without more, as commanding imitation, with no enquiry as to *what it is* in which the evil man has 'succeeded.' They knew that this inward faithlessness is the only real defeat of the individual and that the ultimate defeat of goodness itself is impossible. He who has felt the breath of the Holy Spirit knows that so far as he can surrender himself to its guidance he is on the victorious side even though he fall.

The heroes of faith have 'believed,' in the intellectual sense, doctrines as wide asunder as the mind can grasp. Many of them under the stress of actual conflict have had to fling aside the beliefs that they once held to be their very life. Perhaps none of them has formulated any creed that can wholly satisfy us, and it can hardly be that any one of them has solved for us the *problem* of evil. But all those that I have taken as types, and countless others, have come into close and terrible contact with the *fact* of evil, and crying out of the very furnace they have quickened our sense of good because their contact with it was closer still, and they left us the record that in the midst of horrors they felt as only great souls can

feel the immortal strength of goodness. In times of outward hopefulness it is they that have taught us to look inward for all that really matters, and in times of misery and shame it is they who teach us that no happenings in time can cancel or destroy the eternally Existent.

Goodwill

A QUESTION THAT SHOULD NOT BE ASKED

BY L. P. JACKS, M.A., LL.D., D.D.

THERE is a widespread feeling abroad, in these troubled times, that theologians should do something to vindicate the goodness of God. Many people have been writing in that sense to the religious press. One writer went the length of suggesting that a conference of theological experts should take the war into consideration and instruct Christian people how to harmonize it with their ideals and with their beliefs.

Few of us, I suppose, would wish the matter to be dealt with in this business-like way. Yet we can all understand the state of mind from which such demands originate. We feel that a general vindication of the goodness of God at the present moment would be a welcome relief. It seems to us a natural and a legitimate demand.

I have no doubt that when the sons of Zebedee asked Jesus that they might sit beside him on

either side in his glory, judging the tribes of Israel, they too regarded their demand as natural and legitimate. To us it seems an extravagant demand ; but it would not seem so to them. There was to be a kingdom and there were to be thrones. So they thought. Who so well fitted to sit on the thrones as themselves ? Yet they had to be reminded that the demand was unreasonable. And I am going to suggest that our demand for a vindication of the goodness of God at the present moment falls under the same ruling. May not this request of ours, natural and legitimate as it seems, belong to that class of questions to which the answer is ‘ Ye know not what ye ask.’

Whence comes this question ? What element in our nature is it which makes us so anxious to have the war and its attendant evils reconciled with the goodness of God ? What part of us would welcome the proof that these things are in harmony with Eternal Justice and Love ? Has the demand a noble origin or the reverse ? Does it spring from the weakness of our nature or from its strength ? Is the motive of the question one that ought to be encouraged ? In a word, is the motive good ?

If these inquiries were taken to the philosophers you know what they would say. They would say that our desire to have the war reconciled with the goodness of God is an instance of that general desire for *unity*, for *harmony*, which is so deeply

characteristic of the human mind. Our minds are so made that we cannot tolerate the presence of a contradiction in our scheme of thought. If we cherish our ideal of the world, and yet find in our experience something at variance with that ideal, we can never rest until the two things are shown to be ultimately in harmony. And that is just the position at the present moment. The war contradicts our ideal of a just and loving God. And the demand that the two shall be reconciled springs therefore from our desire for unity.

This desire for unity is commonly regarded as what one may call a privileged desire. We know very well that the world is not arranged to satisfy *all* our desires. That we do not expect. On the contrary we are content that a large proportion of our desires should be ungratified. It is better that they should be. The desire to be at ease, for example, to have a life wholly free from pain, to be rid of all difficulties and drawbacks, to be baulked and thwarted in nothing—what do we say to people who express desires of this kind? We say, ‘Ye know not what ye ask.’ ‘You are asking for something extravagant, unreasonable; something you would regret if it were conceded.’ We have heard the story of the soul which, waking up after death, found itself in a world where all its desires were instantly gratified. For some time this soul believed that it was in heaven.

Shortly afterwards it realized that it was in hell. That is the character of many desires. They are mistaken and should not be encouraged. But this desire for unity, we think is different. This is legitimate. We have a right to demand that it shall be gratified. That particular sort of discomfort which comes from finding facts at variance with ideals is one which it is no part of our duty to put up with, but rather our duty to get rid of. This desire at all events is privileged !

But is it really so ? Looking narrowly into my own heart, I find that the privilege of this desire is not self-evident. It resolves itself more and more into a wish to get rid of a certain discomfort. It blends with the love of ease. A world where everything was in manifest harmony with one's highest aspirations would be such an easy world to live in ! How pleasant it would be if all our doubts and difficulties were automatically suppressed ! What a vast amount of painful strife would be spared me if that conference of theological experts were to do its work once and for all, providing me with a formula of reconciliation, which I could adapt to every occasion, stretching it to cover the big evils, and contracting it to cover the little ones, so that my mind would be perfectly at ease no matter what happened, whether the ruin of a planet or the death of a fly ! What a comfort that would be ! How it would ease the burden of life !

Is there not something in this to rouse our suspicions—to make us suspect, I mean, that the desire to have every contradiction removed is not that essentially noble thing it is commonly represented to be? When you call it a desire for unity, it looks sufficiently respectable; but go a little deeper and ask what it is in your nature which prompts the demand and you get a different impression. A taint seems to fall upon this desire. The more you examine it the more it seems to ally itself with cravings which you know you have no right to indulge, and which in general you would despise yourself for indulging. You do not ask that every form of discomfort shall be expunged from your life. And what is there after all in this particular form of discomfort which comes from seeing your ideals contradicted that you should consider yourself entitled to exemption from that? Let us picture the kind of people we should be if the demand were gratified. Let us picture ourselves as we should be if these reconciliations had been finally effected—prepared to say of every monstrous evil as it came along ‘That is in perfect harmony with the goodness of God. That is just as it should be, for it forms an element in a perfect world and belongs together with Eternal Justice and Love. The war and the incidents of the war, Louvain, the Belgian refugees, the shellings and the bayonettings, the fights in the trenches, the scenes in the field hospitals, the blowing up of the

battleships—all part and parcel of one beneficent scheme, all compatible in the long run with the moral ideal, all things that have to be in order that the world may at last proclaim itself as good !'

Who can contemplate himself in such a frame of mind without self-contempt ? Surely that does not represent the best of which we are capable ! How infinitely better it would be to have our desire for unity perpetually baulked than to have it satisfied on these terms ! How demoralizing ! How mean, how feeble, how unworthy of the soldiers of Christ does such a conclusion seem when we candidly realize what it involves ! Verily we know not what we ask.

Does it ever occur to us, in our desire to have these things reconciled with the goodness of God, that we are paying evil a most unmerited compliment. Is it not a subtle way of going over to the enemy's side ? I can imagine that nothing would be so pleasing to Mephistopheles as to hear himself proved to be part and parcel of a divine universe. That is just what he wants us to believe about him. Our believing it enables him to play his game. He is never so deadly, never so completely master of the situation as when people are reconciling him with the goodness of God. He loves to hear himself explained away. That is why he finds himself so much more at home in the modern world than he was in the world of our forefathers—as Goethe indicates. The modern world has given

him the opportunity he seeks—by allotting him a place in the moral order. Our forefathers paid him no such compliment.

In times when religion played a more active part in the life of England than it does to-day, men took little pains to reconcile evil with the goodness of God. Their attitude towards evil was too serious and too practical to be cumbered with that controversy. The presence of evil, far from alarming their religion, as it does ours, was precisely the occasion which called their religion into being, and lifted it into strength and noble expression, both in deeds and in words. The more evil they found, the more religion they produced to answer its challenge. The religion of our forefathers had many intellectual limitations, but these were more than made good by the capacity it showed to hold up its head in dark times. Were Cromwell alive to-day, or had we among us men of that spirit, the effect of the war on their religion would only be to make it shine forth like a pillar of fire. But we, like spoiled children, who expect the world to give them their own way, we who have never trained ourselves to face the fact that part of the world has gone wrong, delay the moment when we must brace ourselves for the issue, demanding first that the facts before us shall be reconciled with our notion of what is right! Once more we know not what we ask.

Would it not be better, more moral, more religious, to put this demand behind us as savouring not of the things of God ? Might we not personify the evil forces of the war and address them in terms such as these, ‘ You challenge me to reconcile you with the conception of a perfect world. I will do no such thing. I will treat you as irreconcilable with even a decent world. You have no place here. I will regard you not as something to be fitted into my scheme of thought, but as something to be cast out of it into everlasting burnings. To me you shall stand accursed, and accursed for ever. You shall be an object lesson in everything that ought not to be. Whenever I see you pointing in one direction I will go in the direction clean opposite. Your cruelties shall only make me more careful henceforth to be kind. Your hatred and abuse I will turn into a reason for making my own speech more friendly and my judgment of others more tolerant. At every point I will answer you with the opposite. Everything you outrage I will exalt ; everything you affirm I will deny—for all your works prove you founded on a lie. The more your doings seem to blot God from the universe, the more convinced am I that God exists to judge and punish you. Just because you are so hideous and so wicked you shall be—not reconciled with God—but scourged out of existence by the beautiful and the good.’

There is only one way in which evil can be

reconciled with good ; that is by suppressing it, by conquering it, by expelling it from the world. No evil is reconciled with good so long as it *exists* ; nothing that we can *say* about evil, nothing that we can *think* about evil, will ever bring the reconciliation into being. What reconciles evil with good is not our intellect alone but our will which uses the intellect as its servant and its tool. Here we may behold our mistake. Our mistake is in looking for a *theory* which shall do the business, in trying to deal with evil by merely *explaining* its presence in the world, not perceiving that so long as evil is suffered to exist and to triumph no conceivable theory or explanation would make one whit of difference. Evil, you say, is partial good. Well, what if it is ? Are evils like drunkenness, or cruelty, or lust, made less pernicious by calling them partial good ? Is not their power for mischief just the same under the new name as under the old ? Are we any nearer to unity, to reconciliation, than we were before ? Are not these 'partial goods' just as destructive to body and soul, just as big a blot on God's fair universe, as they would be if you called them by their old names, and frankly treated them as the enemies of God and man ? 'Partial goods' indeed ! I don't like the phrase ! For does it not suggest that these vile things have a partial right to be in existence, and that up to a point we should make terms with them and let them be ? But surely

the beginning of wisdom is to recognize that they have no right to existence at all, and that even in their mildest forms they are, so long as they exist, utterly irreconcilable with the perfect Holiness of God. Call them how you will, explain them how you will, whitewash them how you will, it makes no difference to the truth that your chief duty is to oppose them, to suppress them, to conquer them, to wipe them out of existence. By so doing, and not otherwise, will you ever reconcile them with the moral order, with the goodness of God. ‘The only good evil is a dead evil’—one that you or somebody else has conquered and slain. The reconciliation of evil *with* good is the conquest of evil *by* good. No other reconciliation is possible, or even conceivable.

Our mistake is that our intellects try to reconcile evil with good *before* our wills have got to work—sometimes, I am afraid, as an excuse for not setting our wills to work at all. We must reverse that order. Instead of thinking that we have conquered evil when we have explained it, we must begin by conquering it and then base our explanation on the conquest. The reconciliation of evil with good must be written in deeds first of all; only afterwards can it be written in words, and then only in words which spring out of the deeds. But there are always people in the world who want the reconciliation effected in advance of the performance. To those people only one

answer is possible—‘ Ye know not what ye ask.’

It behoves us to consider these things with candid and fearless minds. There is a possibility that in our efforts to reconcile existing evils with our notions of good we may be playing the game of the evils in question, thereby only adding another evil and perhaps a greater one to those already in being. I do not see that religion has anything to gain from these reconciliations. It is certainly not religion that *asks* for them. In times of crisis religion always shows itself as an attitude of the will, and it is one of the good results of a great trial such as we are now enduring, to reveal religion in precisely that character.

IS OUR FAITH SHAKEN ?

By W. WHITAKER, B.A.

PART of the unsettlement of faith that befalls us at a time of shocking calamity is subconscious. Our articulate beliefs may, for some time, seem to remain unaffected. The change will have gone deeper, and some of the bewilderment that falls upon men (or, by the grace of God, some of the new hope that may arise in strange hiding-places of the soul) will come from unperceived influences.

It is often the unremarked accumulation of shocks to the feelings, the little unregarded readjustments of the moral sense, the gradual wearing action of loss and frustration, that make the difference.

These scarcely recognized changes, no arguments and scarcely any human words can minister to—at the utmost only the rarest words of vision and insight and great poetry can do so.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

But when, afterwards, the cloud over our thoughts clears somewhat, there presents itself, inevitably, the summons to think things out, to face the Irrational with Reason, to proffer even to the needs that are above and beyond all Reason such lowly instrumental service as our Reason can in all humility render.

i. Upon the very threshold of a 'thinking consideration' of the matter, we have to realize that what we are confronting is Evil. It is not something to be explained away, or lifted up into a harmonious and perfect scheme of things. It belongs to a disordered and frustrated scheme. Is the very fact that we have to admit that the evil is there—evil appalling and uncontrovertible—is this fact in itself a sufficient refutation of all religion? If so, there is nothing more to be said. But the very opposite is the truth. There is Religion (in the form in which we know it) because there is evil. Religion is not a theory of a perfect world, held by perfect philosophers. The most highly developed of the world's religions are the 'religions of redemption.' They are the outcome of a sore and pressing need. If humanity raises a cry 'to One that with us works,' it is a cry 'from out of dust.' It is forever a voice *de*

profundis. There is a very true sense in which the awful ills and sorrows of life are the very material out of which Religion always builds. It has been wisely said, in a recent article upon the war in the *Manchester Guardian*, 'While this world leaves so much to be desired we may be tempted to ask in our hearts whether there be a God, but if it left nothing we should lose our interest in the answer. So far as war increases or reveals the burden of humanity, it merely gives new poignancy to the eternal and necessary problems in which religion consists.' The one all-inclusive problem to which religion addresses itself is the problem of Redemption. Is not part of the bewilderment that comes upon us, from time to time, in respect to religion, the result of our mistaking the very subject-matter with which it deals ? How can we understand the thing aright if our initial approach to it is wrong ? If we begin by assuming that we are to address ourselves to inquiries about a First Cause, or the nature of Substance, how is it likely that we shall get the faintest perception of what Religion speaks about —that is, the unspeakable need of a world that is wrong for salvation and healing ? It may well be that the war will impress upon us, as we never felt it before, the incredible magnitude of the world's Evil. But when did our Religion cease to warn us of the 'exceeding sinfulness of sin' ? Surely the chief result of the war for the deeper

thought of men will be to increase the conviction that Wrong is wrong. And that conviction is the very seed-plot out of which Faith springs. The fierce consuming passion of Religion is that which burns in the breasts of men who have seen that there was a madness of death and wrong in the world, and reacting from it have flung back upon their deepest instincts with the cry 'Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?' It is when he beholds his people plunged into the depth of ruin, material and moral, the whole head sick and the whole heart faint, that Isaiah receives his 'vision.' It is among a people of unclean lips and horrible rebellion that he sees the Lord 'high and lifted up.' If we have been nursing the thoughtless delusion that we had a religion, or hoped one day to discover a religion, that would 'show us that the world is wholly fair,' and make black white, we are now surely delivered from it! Religion does not make black white. It can do nothing with black except seek its utter destruction. Recognize that it is there, and that it is blackest black; that is at least one step towards the truth, 'and has so far advanced thee to be wise.' The next step will be taken when our ethical perception passes on into a religious affirmation—when the sense of the profound wrongness of the evil begets a passionate self-surrender to the Right, which is felt to be the self-subsisting Life for which all else exists—which Faith calls God.

'But may not this "human cry," the call for God "out of the depths," instead of bringing men to religion at its best, produce vagaries of faith and ally itself with all kinds of delusion ?' It is only too true that the resort to faith in God assumes superstitious forms which may weaken and not strengthen the moral revolt against the evil. We cannot find it in our hearts to censure the pathetic pleas written up in Continental churches for the deliverance of this and that loved one—the cry of wounded hearts for some special providence to make an exception in *their* case out of the wreck of a whole world. But we can discover here the dividing line between Superstition and Faith. The fight against the evil, inspired by a profound sense of the supremacy of God's utter faithfulness to the cause of Right, will regard a magical deliverance as dishonouring to our moral nature. Because the evil we are facing is a World-calamity, there is no easy way out of it—there is no way out of it except an alliance with God himself. We want no nostrums that will tell us how lightly to heal the hurt of the daughter of Zion. The remedy must consist in the utter and absolute love of goodness, and action on its behalf—'rend your hearts and not your garments': not burnt offerings, but 'let judgment roll down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream.' Our way of fighting the evil must be worthy of God himself; nothing less than this will do. Only

when we rise to the prophet's insight that Evil is in the last resort antagonism to God, do we truly take its measure. It is upon that level, in that setting, that we see the thing in its true proportions, and prepare to break its power.

2. We may go a step further. Not only does Religion not depend on showing that evil does not exist, or on explaining it away ; it often seems to be solicitous to show us, rather, that the evil is greater than we thought it. From time immemorial the preachers and prophets have been expected to be the censors of the nation's sins. Lot flying from Sodom, Jonah denouncing Nineveh, the Savonarolas of every age, the purer ideals of unconventional orders and sects which the rest of their world partly derided and partly persecuted yet secretly honoured and feared—these are the phenomena of universal history. Men, when they are disturbed in the midst of their sins, may complain that the strictures are too severe ; but they are never satisfied with a lax religion, and those least worthy in their own conduct will readily throw an accusation against carelessness in holy places and offices. And the voice of Religion has to be raised in no uncertain accents in the present situation of Europe. No word that it can say will have validity or even meaning unless it is based upon the strong perception that the cause of the European war is Sin. If we are to listen to some voices we shall believe that so huge

a cataclysm can have happened without any very profound moral cause. An innumerable set of tendencies and forces of a quite natural order ; accidents of place and time ; unfortunate mistakes in the conduct of diplomacy ; miscalculations of military and naval experts ; the clash of national aspirations against one another in a world not large enough to give scope to all—in such things as these explanations will doubtless continue to be found for the breakdown of our civilization. Such explanations have a certain kind of truth, but they do not go far down. Human society, in spite of its complexity and always-altering aspects and developments, rests upon certain large and simple purposes and desires. Governments and armies and navies, statecraft and treaties and laws, cities and trade, national movements—these are but the visible working of a soul that seeks its will through them all. If that soul were pure, passionately good, bent upon righteousness, its working would not be in a contrary direction. Men do not gather figs of thistles. What kind of sophistication must fall upon an age's thought to make it oblivious of such matter-of-fact truths as this ! We have always known that such a thing as moral causation exists : that there are inescapable laws binding together human actions and their consequences : that history is not a medley of unconnected episodes. The wrong-doing of nations is not on a different footing from

that of individuals. No Decalogue, no Sermon on the Mount, was ever uttered to tell men that they might safely do things collectively from which as individuals they were warned off by a fiery sword turning every way in the conscience. The Divine Right of the State to do wrong, and to escape punishment, however long after, for doing wrong, forms part of no sacred text. It is true that moral sequences which reach over large tracts of history, and act upon a great scale, must take much longer to work out than individual actions. But the oak-like growth of the moral sowing of the European Powers through the centuries and decades, is only the sturdier for its slow consummation. There is a judgment of history. The notion that the rise and fall of the peoples of the earth are unrelated to the character of the soul of the peoples, is surely a construing of the plain facts that throws all sanity to the winds.

Religion has always told us of these things. When, therefore, its most sure word of prophecy has come true, in what sense is it possible to say that the event disproves Faith ? There are many mysterious judgments of God, but this war is not one of them. It is one of the plain judgments. The world is suffering for its sin. Nations have not loved righteousness, or they have loved it too late ; or when they have for a period done unrighteousness, they have imagined that it could be easily put away by forgetfulness, and that the

World-soul would forget. But that is not the way of nature, or of God. Let there be a world of men tacitly admitting, if not openly professing, that covetousness and greed, class standards and national selfishness, are at worst quite natural failings, and may even be a proper spur to ambition and a help in the struggle for existence ; let industry and commerce be arranged on such a basis ; let it be conceived that at all costs the individual shall fight for his own hand and the nation for *its* own hand ; let there be no manifest and painful shame for the open vice and the secret shames, the thousand thousand wrongs and oppressions of the social system ; and let the whole structure be crowned by the frank worship, in all the nations, of Military Force, which by its persistent preparation for war must inevitably cause war sooner or later to spring forth—and then say what miracle would be prodigious enough to interfere with the working of the moral law that overtakes a society that has left God out of its reckoning. At any rate it would be a strange hardihood that could find in such a testimony to the everlasting roots of Social Good, a reason for doubting the foundations of Faith.

3. An interesting comparison may be made, if instead of asking ‘Is our Religious Belief shaken?’ we ask ‘Is our faith in Science shaken?’ For to multitudes of minds in the last fifty years, there has arisen the great rival creed which places all

its hope for the future happiness of our race in the increase of our knowledge of the physical world, and its useful applications. Any opposition between Science and Religion is intrinsically absurd. But in so far as Science has been put forward as a substitute for Religion, as the presiding genius of our fortunes, the plain fact is that such hopes have now ended in irretrievable wreck. The old Babel story has been repeated. It has become obvious that whatever range of mastery man achieves over the powers of nature, the decisive factor in the matter is not the degree of scientific progress that has been made, but the *state of human passions and purposes that wield the new-found knowledge.* Science is clearly a good servant in the hands of a good master. But how if the master be unregenerate ! At last we see Science consummating the long splendid series of its gifts to human kind and laying its most marvellous exploits at the feet of Death and Destruction. There is opened up to our gaze an unending vista of inventions, contrivances and researches, which will only make our strifes more deadly, till we can see the poet's fear come true, 'and the great Æon sink in blood.' At least one leading scientist has declared his judgment to be that scientific men would do well to keep certain newly-won secrets of nature to themselves until the world is better fitted to use them. What is this but the bankruptcy of the principle of ever-widening Science—that is, of

Science so long as it is Godless—‘ some wild Pallas from the brain ’? It is not difficult to dream of another result of knowledge adding every year to the strength and progress of a lordly human race, building bountiful homes amid ever-growing plenty, with disease gradually vanishing, while man grows liker man and the Golden Year comes in. But the condition precedent for such triumphs of science is that a deeper science still must be understood—the Science of man’s own self and the eternal foundations of his happiness. That is the Science of Salvation. And if he has neglected this science, and clutched at another, which turned to ashes in his grasp, is that a reason why his faith in the better thing should be shaken ?

4. To many it will seem truer to say that the modern world has turned, not so much to Science as to the hope of Social Regeneration. We can never, indeed, be sufficiently thankful for the awakening of the Social Conscience in our time and the quickened sense of our collective responsibility for our brother’s weal and woe. Has the Social Gospel failed men in the same sense that the trust in materialistic Science has failed them ? What is true is that all social schemes have broken down under the great stress, in so far as they have built merely upon selfish aims. The last thirty years has seen the growth of innumerable theories and proposals for the reconstruction, in every conceivable way, of human society, and their appear-

ance is one of the noblest proofs that generous thinking and feeling remain with us. It was too early to expect that the elemental convulsion of Europe, which has swept into its whirlpool nearly all the learning and culture of the whole world, could be resisted in its mad fury by so young a growth as this new social enthusiasm. When the devastation is all over, this new work must start afresh, and start better. Can there be any doubt as to the defect in its programme that remains to be made good ? It must make its account with religion. It must lay its foundations in the Unseen. There were not wanting voices before the war that warned men, that when the peril and the emergency drew nigh, all the skilfully woven arrangements and bonds would snap like straw unless a deathless faith could be discovered whose motive power was not of this world. This has happened. It is not said for recrimination. It is, rightly understood, the penitential confession of this age. For some time, perhaps, men will plunge deeper into despair, and we may have to see such mournful spectacles as that of the once powerful teacher Loisy flinging away all hope of a wider humanity and a holier Church, and contenting himself with the thin divisive religion of patriotism and nationalism. But the true lesson cannot for ever escape us. The war has, at least, shown how man can die for man. The old story of love even unto death has never been so over-

poweringly exemplified. Whatever history has to say of the leaders of European polity, it will raise a deathless record to the self-sacrificing spirits who, in all the nations, gave themselves to a Supreme Cause. It will remain with those who come after them to give articulate expression to that one, universal undivided Cause. Is not their unspeakable legacy of heroism to us a cry for a holier brotherhood and a deeper Faith ?

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF SURVIVING

BY STANLEY A. MELLOR, B.A., PH.D.

UPON those who, for whatever reason, survive the term of this conflict between nations there will rest a heavy burden of obligation and responsibility, and, rightly seen, the decision, whether enforced or voluntary, to accept life rather than risk death at this stage in history is a matter as soul-searching and profound, and fraught with as desperate a significance for the future, as any decision could be.

We have heard the story of a Frenchman, a man of heart and intelligence, who, when asked what he was doing for his country, replied 'I am surviving.' It was no light answer, but one that went to the very depths, soul-compelling and soul-challenging. Surviving! Why should anyone survive? What is the value and the responsibility of continuing to live? What is to be the significance of going on, into that world of peace after war, having been saved, perhaps, from suffer-

ing and pain and loss now by the dying of others and the tragic sacrifice of youth ?

The problem of continuing to live is, alas, not solved for anyone by the suffering and death of another ; nor is the healing of nations effected simply by the choice of patriotic and courageous, if you will sacrificial, death on the part of many. There is no such thing as vicarious sacrifice in that sense. The Cross is only the sign of our salvation in so far as we loyally accept its obligations and responsibilities. Men have died heroically in this war for love of country, for love of freedom, for love even of peace : they have died for love of the ideal. But do we suppose that their death, which indeed solved the problem of living, solved it paradoxically and tragically enough, for them, can or does by itself solve the problem of living for those of us who survive ? To suppose that is to mistake the whole situation. Their death is the sign and the beginning of our responsibility, not in itself the discharge of that responsibility. If they died for the ideal, if inspired by love of the ideal they gave themselves gladly to death, then we, who survive, can only face the responsibility of surviving by a new determination to *live* for the ideal for which they died, and to give ourselves wholly and absolutely to life under the self-same inspiration that took them gladly to death. Is it for our own selfish ease and comfort that we are surviving ?

Is it that we may pursue, individually and socially, that old kind of existence, which we accepted all too thoughtlessly before this ruin broke on us and our world? Is it that we may return to an individual life motived only by pursuit of worldly things, or to a social life unvisited by the flash of freedom and high spiritual adventure, or to an industrial and business life tolerating as normal and right the poverty and misery of many as means to the development of the few? Is it for these ends, or anything like these, that we are surviving? God forbid! For if, beyond the limits of the war, the people of Europe do but return to a peace like the peace on which war broke, what have we gained, what has anyone gained, what will all the sacrifice of blood and life have been save only a ghastly and unforgivable crime? Men have been dying for the sake of a more just, more equitable, fairer, more godlike ordering of human society, in which the domination of Right, in every aspect of life, shall replace the domination of Might, and where freedom to live well and faith to live worthily shall be confessed as alone satisfying objects of human endeavour. Their dying for these things is not enough. Men and women who survive must live for these things, or the death that is accomplished fails of its object, and becomes an additional guilt. In this lies the responsibility of surviving. We *must* ask ourselves why, and for what? Why should we live on?

If we are to accept this responsibility of surviving as it should be accepted, then we ought surely to begin now to look toward the future, plan for it, work for it, live for it. We ought to face certain profound facts in our life as it is now and as it must be in the future, and we ought to begin preparation of the gospel, the message, the mission, and the life, by which, if at all, we and the world are to be saved, made whole, in days to come. Even if no one else faces this task, at any rate Christian men and women must face it, or perchance the spirit may descend on the world and find sleeping those who, above all others, ought to be awake and watching.

We are standing at the parting of the ways. We see, or we ought to see, to what a pass mankind has been brought by the principle of living on which they have, consciously or unconsciously, been acting for generations past. The old order of existence, with its materialism, against which men like Tolstoi, and Carlyle, and Morris, and others, strove mightily but in vain, with its dominating lust for power and wealth and its consequent enslavement of the masses of humanity, with its inequality and injustice, its competition and cruelty, its rivalries and jealousies and denials of fellowship, that old order has ended where it had to end, and compelled the world to reap in suffering, tears, and agony, the harvest of generations of selfish, slavish, thoughtless, unideal existence.

Whatever else the war may betoken, seen in its wider issues and relations, it betokens assuredly a failure, awful and complete, in the mode of living that preceded it. The responsibility for this failure lies and must lie on us all, in that we supported, or justified, or accepted without protest, a system of living which denied spiritual freedom and individuality at its base, and was throughout hostile to any vivid, moving faith in the values of eternity.

To-day we are faced with this demand, stern and terrible. What atonement are we preparing to offer, what new ideals are we making ready to pursue and establish, in the future, so that the failures of the past be not repeated again and again ! Are we, in face of the lessons now being enacted for our guidance, merely drifting, quite absorbed in the tragic present, without realization of our responsibility to the future, without effort to purify our souls, build new ideals, or rebuild forgotten ones, clarify our thoughts concerning the kind of life men ought to live, and the labour that awaits us in helping them and ourselves to live it ? Are we simply moving blindly on towards some re-assertion of the old principles and ideals, if we dare call them such, to a base return upon our world of all the selfish narrowness and poverty of aim which has already brought us so much woe ? Or are we determining in our hearts, and preparing the needful consecration in

our personal lives, to build a new and better future upon the ruins of the past, and do we realize just how much such an endeavour must mean in the way of new attitudes of mind, new points of view, new sacrifices, and new loyalties? Contemplation of the heroisms of war, of the sacrifices made, and the loyalties displayed, is not an adequate preparation for the new courage, loyalty, and sacrifice that will be needed in peace.

It is unfortunate that so many of us should apparently think that, with these high matters of the future welfare of our world and the realization of human destiny, we, in our so ordinary, humble, insignificant lives, have and can have no concern: we think that there cannot be any importance or any significance in the judgments passed, the attitudes adopted, the choices made by individuals so unimportant as ourselves. It is a great mistake: in every thought we, as individuals, sincerely cherish, in every ideal we sincerely construct and attempt to follow for ourselves, in every vision of the right and every criticism of the wrong that comes to us, there is importance and significance, for all we know world-shattering and world-building. We ought never for a moment to suppose that our personal ideals, our seemingly private thoughts and aims, have no bearing on the world's future and the destiny of humanity. On the contrary, if anything is certain, this is certain that, by the thoughts which

humblest individuals think, by the deeds they do, Humanity is brought nearer to the ideal or kept away. Are we selfish in our individual life? If so, indubitably, the measure of selfishness in the world is thereby so much the greater, and thereby is the road made longer which mankind must traverse to the fellowship of love. Do we, in our apparently private lives, pursue the aims only of a base materialism, thinking, in our business, simply of gain and profit, neglecting generosity and sympathy and the tolerance of loving justice? If so, indubitably, we are helping to keep mankind bound to the slavery of inequality and injustice, and we are hampering the coming of the Kingdom. By our personal attitudes, at this moment, we can make and are making the development of international goodwill and friendship harder or easier in the future. It is folly to suppose otherwise than this, and it is a kind of cowardice not to believe, or to deny, that the quality and character of our immediate personal lives affect the wider life of the world. The fact is that ideals have their home in the individual human spirit and nowhere else, and the very central place of the destiny of Humanity is the individual heart. Within each one of us, at every moment, lie hidden the power and splendour, and also the failure or the shame, which may mark the destiny of the world in days to come, and the choice is ours.

Some there are amongst us who believe, despite all monstrous evidence to the contrary, that this world is somehow a God's world, fraught with divine and eternal significance for ourselves and all mankind : we believe, despite all folly and weakness and sin, that Humanity is the greatest and most godlike of all created things, and that the destiny of Humanity is immeasurably glorious: we believe in splendours of beauty, truth, and good, to be realized by the individual soul, and to be made actual in some fellowship of all souls. Are we not committed utterly to the practical, personal service of these beliefs ? We cannot all die for them, it seems ; but we can all *live* for them, which may even be a harder task. Unswerving loyalty and obedience to these beliefs, the carrying out into practice of what they demand individually and collectively, constitutes no small part of the desperate responsibility of surviving.

In the situation of our world at the moment there is no guarantee that these supreme beliefs will be secured for the control of practical life, whatever the actual issue of the combat of force may be. No one can look out over the wildness of storm and distress and not discern signs of gravest menace to life's eternal and hidden values. It is altogether dubious whether there is anywhere any genuinely clear realization as to whether the storm is hurrying humanity : it is doubtful whether there is much looking to the future at all :

there is no certainty that those forces making for better life which, in all modern societies, seemed to promise much before the evil thing descended, and especially those forces born of the masses and the deeper life of democracy, there is no certainty that these forces are maintaining or will maintain themselves, even in those nations which professedly are engaged in the defence of them, or of some of them ; on the other hand it is only too clear that in many directions the possibilities of wider extension of freedom, personal and social, are seriously threatened, whilst the faith, in humanity, in spiritual values, and spiritual fellowships, on which alone genuine democratic, and for that matter Christian, ideals can be nourished is in many places held of no practical value and in some already frankly discarded.

But, if the external circumstances of the moment provide so relatively little in the way of encouragement and hope, that fact does but increase the responsibility of those individuals who do believe, and over whom the fate of surviving hangs, to cherish and foster their ultimate ideals with more abundant and ardent loyalty, to learn again more completely the power of the inward life of faith, and to supply from the fires of personal devotion, steadfast waiting upon God, and consecration to ideals, whatever of hope and enduring encouragement is lacking in the circumstances outside. Love of liberty, belief in democ-

racy, faith in fellowship and freedom, belief in the value of the individual soul, these things are only firm based when, resting not on institutions or externalisms, but on the inwardly persuaded and converted heart, and drawing their ardour thence, they are able not simply to withstand the storm and darkness of the outer world, but to shine with redoubled splendour in the gloom. The really great and significant conflicts of our humanity will remain essentially the same, when this strife of nations is over—those conflicts, we mean, which are to achieve God and set men free—and the principles by which alone these vital conflicts can be endured and in the end solved to the glory of goodness are eternal and immutable, such as we can learn and foster in our hearts now just as easily as at any other time. Is it not the sacred duty of those who are to survive to be busy even now with the cultivation of those spiritual qualities and powers, and the education of those spiritual faculties, which alone in the end can secure and maintain any lasting victory for the best and noblest things? The sacrificial death must be followed by the reconsecrated and purified life, or its meaning fails, and, for every man who dies, some seed of love, and virtuous living, and determination to pursue a holier way, should somewhere in a human heart be sown, and there loyally brought to blossom, if surviving is to be worth while.

All the nations of Europe are pledging their whole future for years to come, placing posterity in pawn, calling up the credit, intellectual, moral and economic, of the days yet to be, and, at the same time, the situation being what it is, they are expending the powers, and particularly the powers of youthful life and energy, on which, in normal times, the immediate future so largely depends. One cannot but wonder whether, and to what extent, those who are destined to survive are even now making themselves ready to redeem the pledges on the future thus being made, and to see to it that the credit on which the nations are relying shall not prove false and worthless. Day after day, it seems, so many of us occupy ourselves to morbid weariness with the immediate present. How vastly better it would be if, each day, we compelled ourselves to give some period of quiet reflection and prayerful thought to finding out how we personally stand to this responsibility of surviving, discovering what ideal we have as to our duties and obligations in this regard. Are we even now preparing ourselves for the time, five, ten, twenty years hence, when we shall be called upon to do our share in the labour of rebuilding the shattered fabric of social and national life, and finding a better way for mankind to follow? Have we any clear ideas as to what we shall do and ought to do then? Do we know what we actually desire in the way of individual and social

life, and are our desires consonant with the best ideals : have we any guiding principles on which to rely : have we made the necessary personal choices for ourselves : have we any vision to save us : or are we merely going to drift, in the future as so often in the past, with the unthinking crowd ? These vital questions should become personal to each of us : we must see these problems as our personal problems, demanding our personal settlement, our personal choice of alternatives. For each man and woman the question is presented, how am I—not how are we, or how is society going to do this or that—but, simply, how am I, John Smith or whatever my name is, going to face the responsibility of surviving and undertake the burden of living into the future ?

We ought not to forget that the conflict for God's kingdom, that warfare in which there is no release, will remain beyond the period of this strife, and by this strife will not be settled. The struggle for personal and individual freedom, for liberty to achieve and enjoy the best that is in us and in the world, will still be essentially the same ; the effort after personal righteousness and simple goodness of life and character does not in its ultimate significance alter with changing governments and fluctuating states : the wider social problems, the conflict of classes, the inequalities between rich and poor, the need for nobler education and a more beautiful life for all, the struggle

against caste and privilege, the moral warfare against deadening custom and conventionality and unidealistic valuations of life, the whole vast endeavour to apply the Christian rule and way, all these will appear again fundamentally the same, only, in all probability, intensified, made more difficult. The vision of the ideal which to-day we cultivate will serve in that hour also, and the will to highest good which now we cherish and make serviceable will avail in the future.

If, then, we are to discharge the responsibility of surviving, we must begin even now to look forward to the hopes and tasks of the future. We cannot and dare not let ourselves sink into morbid preoccupation with what has been or with what is. Other men, we are told many times, are dying for us. That statement, in itself a terrible one, may cover a deep truth ; but it may also, alas, cloak only a selfish sentimentality on the part of those who make it. That others should face pain and death for us is merit to them, and salvation, but by itself is no merit to us who survive, nor by itself any solution of our burden of living. Their death may be atoned for if Humanity emerges from this darkness with a stronger determination to build the City of God on earth ; but their dying does not by itself create the Heavenly City : that is our task, the task of those who survive, and the City is still to build.

The line along which the task of surviving will

alone be satisfactorily accomplished is surely quite clear, in its main direction at any rate. Everyone of intelligence, contemplating the world situation, feels that the root cause of failure is evident. As it has been said by many, man has mastered, only too well, so well as to have become its slave, the world of nature and material things ; but he has not understood or mastered his own inward spirit and the concerns of his soul. 'Man in becoming master over nature has neglected the greater task of becoming master of himself and his highest concerns. In the rediscovery of the supreme importance of these, lies the next stage of his development. The war has put a period to his attempt to raise himself by the forces of nature : it reveals the need to raise himself by the forces of spiritual life.'¹ Therein is indicated the direction of the way to be followed : rightly understood it is adequate to guiding and controlling every intellectual and practical activity we undertake, and sets the rule for our study, our reflection, our social effort, and above all for the inward preparation of our souls. The only excuse that anyone can rightly have for continuing to live is that he or she may further the work of the Spirit in the world.

The choice of life at this moment in history is as serious as the choice of death, and the summons of the hour is as tremendous for those who are to

¹ Anonymous article on 'The Apocalypse of War.'—*Hibbert Journal*, vol. xiv., No. 3, April, 1916.

survive as for those who solve the burden of living by choosing pain and death. Again we urge that the responsibility of surviving must be seen as a desperately personal one, demanding extremest consecration of soul and devotion of inward spirit. We should turn sometimes, nay often, from the stage of external events, the clash of arms, the sinking of ships, the deaths of men, to the stage of our own inward life, there to behold what is being enacted, there to discover what decisions are being reached, what ideals raised aloft, what preparation is being made for the future that awaits us, learning that the only way towards blessed life for all—which is what we should seek—lies in self-purification, self-consecration to the vision, devotion, and inward personal sincerity here and now. No day should pass without finding us, who are to live on, waiting in prayer upon the Source of Spiritual Life that we may learn the way whereby the forces of his will are to enter and control our world. Let us remember that, if we live, it can be for no other reason than to build God's City in our hearts and in the world.

After the Cross came the Resurrection, and men say that from this visitation of death upon our world there must be born a happier day and happier world for humanity; it cannot be unless we who live on do of ourselves create that happier day and build that holier world. That is the responsibility of surviving. It is heavy enough

and great enough to bring anyone who truly faces it to penitence and prayer ; and the whole future depends on how we, individually and collectively, do as a fact face it. How can we square the balance of death now written to our human account save by the consecrated and holy life ? We who live on must live that life and no other, or the balance remains unadjusted, and the sacrifice turns to vanity and shame.

THE MORAL EQUIVALENT OF WAR

S. H. MELLONE, M.A., D.Sc.

THE extent of the contrast between the way in which individuals are able to settle their disputes, and the way in which nations on certain occasions settle theirs, is due at bottom to the fact that a government of individuals is provided in this world, but not a government of nations. ‘The aim of the nation in going to war is exactly the same as that of the individual in entering a court; it wants its rights, or what it alleges to be its rights.’¹ And there is a significant resemblance in the nature of the ultimate appeal in the two cases. In the ways of civil life, and especially in the procedure of the law courts, there is held in reserve ‘the same identical force as that which exerts and demonstrates itself in war.’ The power to enforce its verdict renders the judgment of the court decisive. The force is not exerted, because it is not challenged; everyone knows that

¹ Compare Mozley on ‘War,’ *University Sermons*, London, 1906, pp. 102–3 (a remarkable discourse preached before the University of Oxford in March, 1871).

it is there, held in reserve, and that it would be overwhelming.

When we see that the maintenance of civilized social order rests in part on force, we see what the 'progress of civilization' means. It means that in an increasing variety of ways *the appeal to force is displaced* by other appeals—by the appeal to reason and conscience, to the demands of justice, to the feeling of a common humanity—in a word, by those humane appeals to which mankind has learnt through ages of increasing culture to respond; or, if the appeal to force must be held in reserve, that it shall be kept in the background, out of sight and out of mind, and that the occasions for its coming forward shall be the fewest possible. The increase of civilization means the increase of the free welfare that springs from common loyalty without constraint.

In war, on the contrary, the appeal to naked material force is the centre and purpose of all purposes. The disputes of nation with nation are settled substantially as all disputes were settled in the days of the cave-man. 'With all the elaboration that science and experience have added to the methods of war, it is still in principle what it was; men put away what had become like a second nature in their normal ways, and they go back to the primitive and undisguised appeal to force.' The difference is, that all the power of invention and discovery, of wealth, of foresight

and organization, is directed to increase the power to destroy.

It is idle to dwell specially on any alleged ‘failure of Christianity’ to account for this state of things. The ‘failure,’ whatever its extent may be, attaches equally to Christianity, to civilization, and indeed to morality itself. But it is needful to remember that in these things, ‘failed’ means ‘not succeeded yet.’ It is because men and nations are imperfectly Christianized, imperfectly civilized, imperfectly moralized, that such calamities as this world-war fall upon us. Shall we conclude that therefore Christianity, civilization, morality, are illusions?

What we have said of war undeniably points to a fundamental fact. But there are other and different facts involved in it ; and to these I would invite the reader’s earnest consideration. It is undeniable that the prosecution of war, and above all of this war, makes on the nation individually and collectively certain great demands which are moral demands. The provision even of the strictly material necessities of the struggle, even of the munitions and the money, requires of the nation individually and collectively capacities which are profoundly moral in their nature and which are of vast significance for its future.

Not only on its material side, but in the realm of mental and spiritual things, modern civilization has suffered a shock whose overwhelming force

has shaken to the bottom its characteristic beliefs and expectations. These beliefs and hopes had been too lightly won. We had not bought them for a great price. I speak of Western Christendom at large, and of ourselves as a nation. The spiritual treasures which we thought we had won have vanished in the dark, and we are left empty-handed and bewildered. We had not really won them. We had no right to hold them on such terms.

Our ideals of *peace* were such as to make it possible for pacifism to be a profession. We extolled that so-called peace whose ample scope covered all the social diseases and shameful abuses of civilization ; and now, in the agony of war, we are learning the full horror of many things which were commonplaces in peace. We know now something of what it means to the nation that the most unholy trinity of mammon, strong drink, and lust should grind away the lives of unnumbered helpless children. We made *progress* a watchword, though all history cries out against the notion of a gradual upward and onward movement of man. History tells of victories that were defeats, of defeats that were victories. The Cross on Calvary, the death-agony of the secular power of Rome, the fierce life begotten by the young northern nations over the ruins of the ancient world, the resurrection from the grave of the spirit of that old world with power to mould in count-

less ways the mind and heart of the new—these things are not exceptional but typical of the stuff of which progress is made. We made an idol of *science*; but now, many know what a few knew before—that science can do nothing but fulfil purposes set by human wills, purposes which she cannot create or approve or condemn. Science proves herself the obedient and efficient servant of the will to destroy, as she is of the will to save. In *religion*, we had rejoiced at the departure of the ‘age of dogma.’ We supposed that a few broad and simple principles, the ‘religion of all sensible men,’ would suffice. We had lost the God of the old covenant, the God of the fire, of the cloud, and of the thick darkness; and the God of the Cross of Calvary we had not found. Knowing that we must labour even for daily bread, we thought that faith in God would be cheap!

Shadow by shadow, stripped for fight,
The lean black cruisers search the sea;
Nightly their level shafts of light
Revolve, and find no enemy;
Only they know each leaping wave
May hide the lightning and their grave.

And in the land they guard so well
Is there no silent watch to keep?
An age is dying, and the bell
Rings midnight on a vaster deep;
But over all its waves once more
The search-lights move from shore to shore.

And captains that we thought were dead,
And dreamers that we thought were dumb,
And voices that we thought were fled
Arise, and call us . . .

We have needed the stress and strain of the greatest war known to history, to teach us what the messages of experience for generations might have told us, had we ears to hear : the value for the nation, at all times, of those things which we know to be precious in war time. The individual devotion, the willingness to sacrifice much for the sake of working together in a great whole for a cause which demands strenuous labour ; the sinking of class-consciousness, sect-consciousness, party-consciousness, for the common good—all these, and more, we have given, as we never gave before, for we heard the ideals of patriotism and national service beginning to speak with an altogether new significance, uttering the penetrating, tragically challenging note of appeal, ringing out like the call of Victor Hugo's alpine eagle, 'qui parle au précipice et que le gouffre entend.'

Shall we sink back into the old ways, when the stress of war is ended ? Is Patriotism to go on meaning nothing but preparation for war ? Is national service to go on meaning nothing but training for the distinctive purposes of military work ? 'Besouled with earnest nobleness, did not slaughter, violence, and fire-eyed fury grow into a chivalry ; into a blessed loyalty of governor

and governed ? And in work, which is of itself noble and the only true fighting, shall there be no such possibility ? . . . The chivalry fighters wished to gain victory, never doubt it, but victory, unless gained in a certain spirit, was no victory ; . . . had they counted the scalps alone, they had continued Choctaws, and no chivalry or lasting victory had been. And in industrial fighters and captains shall no nobleness be discovered ? To them, alone of men, shall there for ever be no blessedness but in swollen coffers ? To see order, gratitude, loyal human hearts about them, shall be of no moment ; to see deformity, mutiny, hatred and despair, with the addition of half-a-million guineas, shall be better ? . . . Is there no profit in diffusing heaven's blessedness, but only in gaining gold ? If so, I apprise the mill-owner and millionaire that he too must prepare for vanishing ; that neither is he born to be one of the sovereigns of this world ! '¹

I am convinced that the country's deepest need is for the ideal of patriotism permanently to penetrate and control every part of the organized social activities of the nation, so that all good work of every kind shall be recognized and honoured as national service in the truest sense.

Let us look at this a little more closely, both from the individual and personal and from the social point of view. What are the personal qual-

¹ Carlyle, *Past and Present*, book iv., ch. 3.

ties promoted by war, and energetic and dangerous adventure of all kinds ? 'War and adventure,' says William James, 'keep all who engage in them from treating themselves too tenderly. They demand such incredible efforts, depth beyond depth of exertion, both in degree and duration, that the whole scale of motivation alters. Discomfort and annoyance, hunger and wet, pain and cold, squalor and filth, cease to have any deterrent operation whatever. Death turns into a commonplace matter, and its usual power to check our action vanishes. With the disappearance of these customary inhibitions, ranges of new energy are set free, and life seems cast upon a higher plane of power.'¹ This is why Nietzsche delighted in the glorification of the warlike virtues. Its truth to life may be granted. But, as James reminds us, there is much more to be said. What is all this undertaken for, in the case of war ? The immediate aim of the soldier's life is destruction, and nothing but destruction. Any constructive results of war are remote and non-military. What we need is to realize in the realm of the personal life 'the moral equivalent of war'—to find something heroic that will appeal to men as universally as war does, but which is not hostile to civilization in the ways in which war is. We need the heroic standards of life turned to another purpose—a purpose beyond the power of

¹ James, *Varieties of Religious Experience*, pp. 365-7.

Nietzsche's fevered brain to conceive, uttered in the sublime words of ancient Hebrew prophecy : ' A man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest ; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' The proud boast—as it once was—of knight-errantry and chivalry, ' noblesse oblige,' the truth that nobility is obligation, that for a man to serve his fellow men and work for their good is the highest heroism, that the more he tries to do this the stronger his own inner life will grow and the more of a hero he will come to be—this is the Christian principle of life in action. The daily life of every one of us teems with occasions that try the temper of our heroism as searchingly, though not as terribly, as battle-field or fire or wreck. We are born into a state of war, with falsehood and disease and misery in a thousand forms all round us, and with the heroes of every age and race calling on us to take our stand like men in the eternal battle against these things.

We need not speak of that personal warfare in which a man's own soul is the battle-field. Robert Browning makes his half-cynical but keen-sighted Bishop Blougram say :—

When the fight begins within himself
A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,
Satan looks up beneath his feet,
He's left, himself, in the middle . . .
 . . . the soul wakes
And grows. Prolong that battle through his life.

We have already dwelt on the fact that, for the first time in the experience of many, the national life has in the main become a genuine co-operation for a common object instead of a sectional strife between classes and conflicting interests. The significance of this fact lies in its manifestation on an unprecedented scale of those intellectual and moral qualities which make such co-operation possible. On the continuance and extension of these efforts—altogether apart from war—depends all real hope of a worthy future for our country. Such is, in social and national life, ‘the moral equivalent of war.’

This is not the occasion to attempt to speak in detail of that stupendous task of social reconstruction which must follow the close of the war. But the fact remains, that beyond all the special needs of army, navy, and munitions, the State under the pressure of inexorable necessity has assumed partial control of certain great organized utilities which under private enterprise had conspicuously failed to serve the common weal. Such measures were demanded for the very safety of the nation. No doctrinaire theories for or against ‘collectivism’ can alter the significance of this fact. And in the light of the experience thus gained, the national organization of such services for the good of all becomes a matter of practical politics in the plainest meaning of the term.

One practical issue faces us with an urgency

admitting of no delay : that of the welfare and preservation of child life—now seen to be in the fullest sense a national problem of the utmost urgency. The health and welfare of children constitute an essential condition of national stability and health, at all times, and most of all in a time of national stress such as this, when tens of thousands from the best manhood of the nation have laid down their lives—men skilled in trade and professions, trained in commerce and manufacture, men whose labours have contributed in their measure to the creation and maintenance and increase of our national prosperity.

It must be confessed with shame that even in times of ‘peace and prosperity’ a great part of the nation’s children come into the world under circumstances which afford them no fair opportunity of survival or of health. Of all the differences between being even moderately wealthy and being poor, the most cruel is this : that while it has become exceptional for a child of well-to-do parents to die in infancy, the odds in favour of the survival of a child born in the poorest parts of a great English town are only slight. And the war has already begun to reduce towards the economic poverty-line the circumstances of many families hitherto more favourably situated. Public-spirited and far-seeing people in various parts of the country are now taking measures to meet these dangers. Such work is national service in the

truest sense. In these endeavours the education service of the country can and must play a great part. Our system of compulsory education affords the community its only opportunity, on any adequate scale, of investigating and controlling the condition of the children of the economically 'lower' or unprivileged classes.

In the English educational system as a whole it is estimated that there are more than seven millions of pupils of various ages and grades, most of them of tender age—an army comparable in numbers with the forces under arms in the European conflict. These seven millions are the future England. And in protecting and helping them, we guard the lines of communication between the England of to-day and the England that is to be. It is here too that our greatest danger lies. The national solidarity which has transformed our outlook on the world, has not been able to prevent the emergence of those forces of reaction which find in war-time opportunities which they never fail to use. The very needs of the nation are exploited in order to attack and reduce one by one those public services organized for the common good in this country, which have been wrought out by cautious efforts through the past hundred years.

At the present time, I sincerely believe, we are engaged in a struggle in defence of the moral foundations of civilized life, which are in danger

through no fault of ours. Yet not even this central and supreme fact of the situation, as, I repeat, I believe it to be, nor the sense of honour that participation in such a struggle infuses into the heroism and self-sacrifice of our soldiers as a whole, not even these things must be allowed to blind our eyes to the spiritual dangers which such a conflict, prolonged as it has been, involves for the nation. Poison from the sins of the vanquished works in subtle unseen ways into the soul of the victors ; and there are signs of a more embittered temper, and a narrower faith, which, if unheeded, will go far to undermine that which our men have gone forth to preserve. Let us ponder the inner meaning of these moving words written by an officer now at the front : ‘I know that I am speaking not for myself alone, but for many in like case, when I say that our one haunting dread at this hour is lest those who are left behind, in their laudable anxiety to hearten and support us in our military endeavours, should forget the end in the means—lest, if we perish (which matters little) there should perish with us (which would matter infinitely) those visions and ideals of a saner and nobler national and international life for which we go out to fight.’¹ Let us see to it that when the conflict is over we shall not only reconstruct the material fabric of civilization, but also reaffirm its spiritual purpose.

¹ See *The Nation*, April 8th, 1916.

THE NATIONS ON THEIR TRIAL

By H. ENFIELD DOWSON, B.A.

IN our national life and in our private life we are being weighed in the balance. It is a great world-inquest of the nations. We are standing at the judgment bar of history, on trial before God and man. We read of the great days of old, when nations passing through the furnace were tried yet so as by fire, the dross consumed, and only the pure gold survived to enrich the future of mankind. Yes, mankind were never so truly in the crucible as to-day. We are up against the mightiest military power the world ever saw, fighting at this hour for our very lives, but not only so, fighting also for the salvation of the human race from the domination of the most tremendous military power that ever menaced it. Germany, of old our friend, her people of the same stock as ourselves, with whom we had never been at war since the world was, and with whom till the

most recent days, war was unthinkable, has come into death grips with us and we have had no choice but to unsheathe the sword. The old home of sweetness and light, divided into a number of small states, a spirit breathing in her very soul of the truest culture, the world's advanced guard in science, philosophy, theology, and literature, her Universities visited for generations by our youth, her people living the simple life in a frugality unknown in England, had been transformed by the reign of blood and iron under Bismarck. The situation of a hundred years ago is recalled, and we, who then were the life and soul and the mainstay of the battle of Europe against the overweening ambition of Napoleon, holding the fort of European liberty against him, are now fighting a similar battle against a Germany obsessed by the same megalomania. She has no more conscience in the prosecution of her ambition than he had. Like him, she seeks the domination of the world, like him she shrinks from nothing to achieve it, like him the ruthless devastator of Europe, like him knowing no laws, human or Divine, only obeying her own imperial will and, like a car of Juggernaut, crushing in her progress all that lie in her path, small nations her helpless victims, and no nation able to trust to anything but its own right arm to save it from destruction, treaties only

scraps of paper, torn to shreds. Absolutely against our will this awful war, for which we were entirely unprepared, has been thrust upon us, its overt occasion the infamous attack on Belgium that gave us no choice, its real necessity the defence of the civilized world against the new incarnation of Napoleonic ambition which assails it.

But this dear old England of ours is our first concern. Don't let us ask then, only, as so many have been doing amongst us, 'What is wrong with Germany?' but also what may be wrong with ourselves. The charge is often brought against us by Germans of self-righteous hypocrisy. They seem to hear us saying, 'We are the people and righteousness will die with us.' Is there no vestige of truth in it? Well, we must confess that we have been among the first of those who have gone out into the more or less unoccupied and untenanted portions of the world's estate, and without so much as saying 'At your leave, or by your leave,' have pegged out claims and run up the Union Jack upon the most desirable sites, henceforth to become our special preserves. The only access to these being across the seas, we guard them by a navy which we have allowed no other to approach in size. Having thus possessed ourselves of all we want, we cry 'Pax.' In the meantime Germany, as the united Vaterland,

came into existence late in the day, only to find us more or less blocking her path. Now it is well for us to put ourselves in the place of other nations. A policy of mutual consideration, and even, on occasions, of self-sacrifice for the common welfare of mankind is the ideal for nations as for individuals. If we had shown a larger measure of this spirit in our past history, maybe we should have avoided some of our wars. It is, at all events, a call to us to-day, under the stress of this awful cataclysm and the world-wide disasters it has brought on humanity, and on this nation with the rest, to reconsider our international relations, and look beyond our own immediate interests to the natural and legitimate needs and ambitions of our neighbours. To sacrifice in future our own aggrandizement for the peace and goodwill of the world, and for the brotherhood of nations living in amity, is a call that comes to us from the lessons of this awful war, and not only from the bitterness that it has engendered but from the antagonisms that have engendered it. To win back blessed peace in the hearts of the peoples of the earth is worth many national sacrifices. The common interests of all the nations should be the guiding star of international politics.

This can alone keep the peace of the future, in a bond never to be broken by the repetition

of such outbursts of a hell upon earth as we now behold, born of the reign of self-interest as each nation's only law. It is by each subordinating selfish ambitions to the common weal that the greatest good for each will be won, the peoples grasping hands all round in a new kingdom of God among men. This may be a counsel of perfection ; but it is the spirit out of which alone, in God's good time, may arise one day the federation of mankind under the ægis of an international court of justice policing the civilized world. That is my dream.

In the meantime all has not been for the best in the best possible of worlds with us at home, or with any of the warring nations. After forty-five years of European peace industry has advanced by leaps and bounds in every land, and wealth has enormously increased. All the discoveries and inventions of modern scientific and technical knowledge have changed life completely from the simplicity and frugality of earlier days. While one of the scandals of the age has been the vast gulf fixed between the extremes of wealth and poverty, with the growth of the wealth there have been combined a luxury and a love of pleasure and a spirit of easy-going self-indulgence that have infected and enfeebled the moral stamina of the age. The grit of their fathers has been lost by multitudes of the well-to-do. Influences have

been at work that have invaded and depressed the vigour of the whole community. Too many are mere idle and pampered passengers in the ship of state. The old spirit has been passing away born of hard and less luxurious times. As a part of this lowering of the moral stamina there has been seen a growing 'Materialism,' in lives content with the outside comforts that come so easily, a relaxation of high endeavour, an absence of the pursuit of things greater and better than a man's material welfare. Self has loomed large, high ideals for things outside the narrow circle of personal interest have been lost. The age has been one of moral and spiritual lethargy and somnolence. Into it a bomb has burst. 'Sleeper, awake !' has rung in its ear. The powers of darkness have broken through the crust of its content ; and a demon from the bottomless pit has blown it into the air. Christianity is dumbfounded. The conceit of civilization is killed in the Armageddon engulfing the world. Everything is in the melting pot. Humanity is under the harrow. It is a period of wrestling with the problem of evil in all our souls with an abasement of our pride in the twentieth century morals and twentieth century religion. What a thin veneer has concealed the demoniacal spirit that lay beneath. It is in humility and shame that a prayer beyond the power of

words springs from our hearts for the rising out of the abyss of a new spirit. Shall the souls of our Houses of Israel expire in this mighty cataclysm ? Shall the brotherhood of man perish in fire and sword ? we ask. Do we see any source of hope ? Yes ! thank God, for we see that the gigantic evil that menaces mankind from this war-fiend has given birth to a corresponding resurgence of good. We see that the battle between God and the Devil has been joined. We see that the world has been aroused from selfish sleep to a mighty effort to exorcise the demon that possesses the soul of Germany, and to restore her once more to her better self as she passes through the waters of humiliation in store for her. It is indeed the very horror of the world-tragedy that inspires so many of mankind to leave everything they hold dear to overcome the incarnate devil that disregards human life and female honour, making man, woman, and child their prey from the air in their beds at night, in the bosom of the deep in the sinking ships, in the massacres of civilians wholesale at the taking of towns, in leaving prisoners to perish from typhus, in looking on while hundreds of thousands of Armenians are done to death and worse. It is all this accumulation of iniquities that has brought half the manhood of Europe into unexampled unison, with a courage unto death

to rise in their might to stay the terrible foe of the human race in his mad career. It is a holy crusade in the cause of humanity that summons men to leave their homes, their livelihood and all that they love, to lay down life and to suffer untold hardships. It has entered with its call to a living sacrifice almost all our own English homes, fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers answering it. It has been heard by mothers and wives and sisters sending their beloved to fulfil it with their benediction, from houses left desolate, these dear women's hearts bearing the hardest part of the burden with their anxiety and grief, God bless them.

The millions of our own British soldiers have gone forth, a brave citizen army to give their lives to save their dear land from the fate of Belgium, and Serbia, and Poland, and Montenegro, and Armenia. It is a new baptism of the spirit for our people. It is a proud thing for us who love them to see our own flesh and blood without a question enter what they call hell, in order to hurl back to the pit whence it came the demon they are fighting. They are bearing their cross in the cause of humanity, justice, and liberty, and the reign of righteousness throughout the world. They are raised to a higher level of self-devotion than they ever knew before in their lives. They have come from all classes impartially.

Aristocracy, middle class, working class, have all sent their best and bravest, and they do not faint or fail. Nothing has struck me more than the spirit of our Sunday scholars at the front. They write such splendid letters ; and, when they come home on leave, they seem to have put on a new manhood and self-respect, taking whatever comes all in the day's work in simple unassuming manliness, with no trace of heroics. They are just 'doing their bit,' that is all. Here at home, before the war, they were quite ordinary lads, fond of their football and cricket, and given to amusements ; but the great occasion has made them twice the men they were, as they carry their lives in their hands in the great battle 'for England, home, and duty.' It has re-made them. To live and maybe die for that, taking a man's part in this great world's battle for the national salvation, and for doing justice on inhuman crime, is an inspiring thing. How high the inspiration may rise is recorded in the heroic death of the brave soldier, bearing the plebeian name of 'Smith,' when at a moment's notice he threw himself on the lighted grenade to save his fellows from his own self-inflicted fate. That is an object lesson of the way the call for the living sacrifice is being answered, and of human nature lifted up to heights undreamt of in the piping days of peace.

I have spoken with a sad heart of the diabolical crimes of Germany in this hour. I loved the Vaterland in my happy boyhood in Heidelberg ; and we all owe more than we can tell to her inspiring influence as a great teacher in the highest realms of thought and life. She is only possessed with a passing madness, to be put to rest by the severe chastisement which will drive it home to her that such things as she is doing cannot be done with impunity. Germany drunk will reappear as Germany sober. Even now I see in her people, by the side of her barbaric outburst, the same living sacrifice, the same patriotic self-devotion, that we know here. The love of the Vaterland takes the German out of himself just as much as the native land so dear inspires the devotion to the death, of our British soldiers. The lift above self to the sacrifice of life to the nation is a noble passion, while those German mothers and wives bear their burden of anxiety and grief like ours at home.

What about ourselves, however, staying in undisturbed peace at our own firesides, protected by our brave defenders ? We must bear our part in an England quite different from the old one before the war. We shall never see again the old easy-going times. We shall be called upon for many an unwonted sacrifice. There will be no more for any of us the old luxurious

lives. Much more hardness is in store for us who are well-to-do, and it will do us all good to share in some small degree the lot of our fellow countrymen to whom privations we have never known are a part of every day's experience. We are going to be taxed much more heavily, the heavier the better. It is the fairest and most drastic way of making every one of us save and put our savings into the common treasury of the national resources, in due ratio to our means, none escaping our share of the burden. We shall be braced up to thrift as a new habit of life, to the strengthening of our morale, living under a new sense of responsibility for the larger life of the community to whose interests our own private lives must yield. I remember a great speech of John Stuart Mill's in the House of Commons which raised its atmosphere higher than I almost ever knew. His theme was the thought for posterity. Stanley Jevons' alarmist book on the prospect before the nation when the Coal Measures should be exhausted, had just come out. Mill made a solemn appeal to the nation, while still in the full enjoyment of the output of the coal fields and of all their vast resources, to pay off the National Debt, and save posterity from a burden that might be beyond their means. In those words of a prophetic soul, ringing still in my ear, I seem to hear a challenge to us to-day to think of

posterity, and to grudge no sacrifice to reduce the intolerable burden of debt that we are laying up for the unborn generations whose trustees we are, and to tax ourselves to the utmost height to do it. It is our patriotic duty to husband our resources, at the sacrifice of many wonted personal indulgences. It must be the nation first and ourselves last ; posterity first, ourselves last. To hand down this dear old England of ours to our children's children, her soil contaminated by no invading foot, her good name tarnished by no word or deed in our conduct of the war, the battle for a righteous cause righteously fought out to a peace in which they shall live to bless us for our fidelity in our stewardship of the national life in our day of hard things, this is the call to us. It is a call to a patriotic self-devotion, to answer which in the spirit of the dear boys at the front is a little thing compared with what they do and bear in the gift of their very lives ; but it will be to us what their immolation of self on the altar of their country is to them, a refining fire.

THANKS DUE

BY W. G. TARRANT, B.A.

IS it not a bad thing, every way, when people who are capable of knowing the good they receive are slow to give thanks where thanks are due? Living creatures have been classified in many different respects; let us suggest one more. Suppose we consider them from the point of view of the capacity to be grateful. There are some animals, but evidently not the loveliest or happiest who seem to be quite insensible on this side of their nature. The wolf's way is to snatch greedily and devour hastily, and pay no attention to the feeder. And there are myriads of wriggling things of many kinds, which, so far as one can see, feel no gratitude while they gnaw.

Lovelier and happier creatures, companions and helpers of man, draw near him also in this regard. Many a British trooper to-day knows well how unmistakably a horse well treated will respond by all the means in its power, nuzzling up to him whenever he comes near, and showing its pleasure

with eyes and ears and neck and tail. Everybody knows the grateful temper of the dog ; we are told that other domesticated animals, notably the elephant, and even the camel, show a similar sense of favours bestowed. The mere cage-bird, as many a child can tell, gives thanks for the boon of food and kindly greeting.

Would it not be strange, then, something approaching the monstrous, if men who gladly recognize in these creatures the presence of so beautiful an addition to the delights of living, should themselves be so mean as to take benefits without due acknowledgment ? Some there may be, indeed, who are by nature too dull to know they are benefited. Some become dulled by harsh experiences. There are others, it must be feared, who have so little exercised their better feelings, so long played the part of wolf or maggot in the State, selfishly snatching and devouring, that decent people may well give up hope of them. The sooner their breed is exterminated the better. *Non ragioniam di lor*—let us pass them by.

Our appeal here is to quite a different class, to people who know better, and who with a little self-discipline would soon do better. It is to reading, thinking, brooding, much-imagining people that these remarks are offered. Such people are assuredly neither hopelessly besotted, nor incurably selfish. Their sensibility is keen, perhaps too keen. They suffer much—not by any

means solely on their own account. Endowed, perhaps, with a more active imagination than their neighbours, they look far beyond their immediate circle and share the miseries of unseen multitudes. They are prone to picture coming disasters, while others are absorbed in present duties.

Imagination is good, if used well ; but if we turn it the wrong way it may play mischief with us. 'If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars.' Much foreboding blinds the eyes to actual advantages. What if we were to lift our thoughts, daily, from pondering over-much the dark and evil things in the world ? Such things are there, but they are not the only things there. We read that when Jesus came to his disciples from lonely wrestling with *his* life's problem in Gethsemane, he found them 'sleeping for sorrow,' and that his word to them was 'Rise !' Some of the most earnest lovers of good need that word to-day. Earnest men the disciples were, no doubt ; but, while their Master wisely and devoutly sought new strength, they were sinking into torpor and paralysis.

Our country's fate, and our own, demands at this moment that all sober-minded citizens shall preserve their utmost vigour of body and mind. One preservative is just this of being thankful. Granted that 'good things' are not so plentiful as we should like—it is a 'good thing to give thanks.' Like all really good things it is 'good for some-

thing.' Not only beautiful in itself, and just to the benefactors, it opens up a new stream of healthful moods, such as always spring from pure affection and increase the energy of the mind.

Who in England (let each ask himself) will be a mean creature to-day? In sober fact we have around us a spectacle of greater heroism, more courage of the right sort, more abounding generosity, than any man living ever saw before. Mean indeed must he be who cannot see it, and he who sees it clearly will hail it emphatically. We, especially, who are debarred from taking the share we could wish in this emergency, will not be slow to applaud those who, being able, are doing more. 'For what we have received,'—the children's formula after dinner is not too childish, let us say, for a man. His fuller understanding and resources should only serve to raise the sentiment to a higher expression.

I ask myself where I should properly begin when I think over the long roll of England's helpers and mine. Could I but distinguish all who compose this great multitude when should I leave off? Well, I think I perceive where the first acknowledgment should be made; and I believe that many thoughtful people will share my feeling in this matter.

Surely, that is the crowning service which gives highest significance to all the rest. Agonizing as this war is, let us be profoundly grateful for the

fact that we were enabled to enter upon it with a clear call of Duty in our ears. Other wars we have known, too many of them, when such a call was—to say the least—far from clear to a great part of the people. On this occasion, whatever our woes and sacrifices, unprecedented in our history, the nation has not had to suffer that worst of public calamities, a divided mind.

As we recall the emotions of those terribly tense days before war was declared, we remember how bitterly mingled they were. We not only felt the most painful anxiety as to its possible results to us and ours ; we not only felt, as it were, the trembling of the balance in which our country's destinies lay ; we had deep searchings of heart as to what we *ought* to do. Was it really necessary that Great Britain should intervene ? Had our representatives entangled us in policies that were questionable, if not culpable, discordant with genuine international comity ? In the rapid developments of those fateful days had any of them been guilty of wanton provocation or stupid neglect ? Among the motives that urged them and us toward the conflict of arms, were the stronger really the meaner ? Was our opposition to Germany grounded at bottom chiefly upon commercial jealousy and greed ? Had the malice of our own 'Yellow Press' at least as much to do as German war-fanaticism in bringing our two empires to that pass ?

Questions such as these raced to and fro in our minds as we turned each morning to the papers to catch what we could of the doings of the diplomats—as we read, and talked, and were silent—as we longed, and prayed, and waited—hoping against hope while the sands ran out, pinning our desperate faith to the good sense of the few as against the mad passions of the many, refusing to accept the fact that (in *our* day !), after so much had been said and done by loyal promoters of international friendship and ‘peace on earth,’ the great European Powers could engage in a thing so frightful, so shameful, as war.

Those were sad hours, and many a sad hour has passed since then ; but for some of us ‘the bitterness of death’ was passed, when, from the agony of suspense and heart-rending doubts, we were delivered into the clear light of *what ought to be done*. Soon and conclusively we learned—we have never since had to reverse the verdict but rather to strengthen it—that whatever blame may lie at our door, the nation did all it could through its representatives to prevent this war. It was made clear to us, and the various documents published since by the respective Powers, Germany’s included, establish fully what we then learned, that the one Power that was bent on war was Germany ; that she would neither accept pacific proposals from others nor put them forward herself. And as if to make assurance

doubly sure, Germany at once tore up its pledges and entered upon a course of abominable lawlessness and outrage. Were we cynics, which I hope we are not, we might thank our enemy for flinging into our hands the brief for that humanity which has been so wantonly assailed.

We, common folk, felt the strain of those days. Can we think what it must have been to those in places of high responsibility ? The last thing to be charged upon the Government of the day was military ambition. Most of its members loathed the prospect of war ; they risked popularity, and even some reputation as prudent guardians of the realm, in their desire to slacken the pace in armaments. Yet, by a kind of irony, this fateful decision lay in their hands. Germany obviously reckoned on their reluctance. When intervention looked unavoidable, she offered terms if they would keep out. Knowing what we know now, how thankful we must be that they scorned the shameful bribe !

Yes, let us heartily remember with thanks those national leaders and representatives whose probity sustained the best traditions of British policy. Let us heartily thank those also who, without distinction of party, helped to make the issues so clear that the nation became one in the determination to see justice done, let come what may.

We have had sad thoughts often, in these long months, but no doubts as to the path of our duty.

We have sad thoughts from day to day, not arising only out of the tragic story of wounds, suffering, and death. No honest man can pretend that all has been well in England, that bad things have not been said and done among us, and good things left undone. If we could wrap ourselves in pharisaic self-complacency as we look, not at German lawlessness, but at vice, drunkenness, grasping, slander and spite at home, the thanks we tender would be shallow indeed. But knowing our national faults, there is a redeeming force, surely, in the conviction that, however unworthy of the high task assigned us, it *has* been so assigned. The cause for which we stand is that of Right, Law, Good-faith; thanks to all who helped to make it ours.

Thanks, also, to searchers and students, not only in our own land or among the Allies, but especially across the Atlantic, who have sifted the case impartially, and given so emphatic a support to our contention. Thanks to writers of books, journalists, public speakers, who have diffused the facts far and wide, so that our people's efforts should not be blindly passionate, but clear-sighted and based on understanding. To know what they are doing, and why, is fundamental to all the rest. Everyone who is single-hearted in the aim to secure (as we understand it) the highest of all good for our posterity and the whole human race, is set in a light that transfigures him and

all he does. The hackneyed term, ‘Glory,’ is far too feeble to express the blessedness of those who live, and work, and strive, and suffer, and die in a cause like this.

‘For that the people offered themselves willingly’—so ran the exultant song of Deborah, that Mother in Israel. Mothers in England, in all parts of the kingdom, in all parts of the Empire, have seen their willing sons depart in hosts hitherto unimagined among us. In the fields, in the trenches, among the rocks and sands, on the mine-sown seas, they have wrestled, and are wrestling unto blood, that victory may be on the side of Right. Do we mourn over their hardships and pains? Well may we, for it is through these that our own physical security, our very life, is preserved. But with marvellous good cheer the soldiers and sailors themselves stand up faithfully to the day’s call. Rough they may be, many of them—though our gentlest, tenderest, most refined are also there—but their courage and persistence shames the pessimism of some sad folk (and some malicious ones) at home. England was said to be enervated; her children were degenerate! The facts give the lie to all such croakings. Thanks to the brave lads; they have not shamed their stock. We, who have seen their letters from the front, know how sensible, how quietly confident they are that justice will triumph. We have met them wounded, blinded, maimed;

how patient, how cheery, how ready to catch at any chance of a laugh, how modest! Who in England will lie down at night without unspeakable thoughts of them?

And far away there are like remembrances. What an overwhelming answer has been given to those who doubted the solidarity of our free Empire! In all days to come, the names of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa—aye, and India—will be dearer to us than some of us ever dreamed they could be.

Silence rests on many a wooden cross, on many a shapeless mound, on the face of the waters, where the unreturning lie. We believe it is well with them; we trust that hereafter all will be well with them and us.

If our nation could but utter the ‘Thanks Due,’ there would rise such an anthem as the world never heard. Some day, perhaps, our poets will attempt that glorious theme. Many a rousing, heartening, soothing verse they have given us; some while singing have fallen on sleep and will sing for us no new songs any more. Thank God, it never occurred to any of them to make a ‘Hymn of Hate.’

I said ‘Thank God.’ Let it be said reverently, from the heart. Amid all our thanks—to leaders, organizers, to fighters, to healers, to workers, to steadfast Allies, to friends in neutral lands—they

who think deepest will look upward. ‘I thank—Something,’ said Leslie Stephen, the lonely Agnostic Apologist, when thinking what a blessing had been his in the beloved wife he had just lost. Unable to see clearly a Giver, he acknowledged with full heart the wonder of the gift. Who of us claims, amid all this darkness and storm, to see clearly the eternal Giver? Yet that there is a Giver, these precious gifts, moving us to grateful thoughts, come as daily evidence.

If optimistic faith was ever easy, it has its testing hour now; but was it? We knew, did we not, that the long course of this world’s evolution had been a troubled one. We knew of much pain, and sin, and disappointment; of things terrible and seeming monstrous. Yet even Huxley had told us that the stern order of things was, on the whole, beneficent. Surely, our faith was not after all a no-faith, only a shallow satisfaction arising from fairly easy conditions for ourselves! Let us thank God for our unconquerable soul. Let us dare even to thank God that we have not been let off our due share in the cost of man’s long and painful education. We praise ancient heroes; let us try to be modern heroes, and if that is not possible, at least we can praise those who are. It will put manlier moods into our hearts, and add new vigour to our mind and muscle as we go to the particular piece of work committed to us. For we all have something to do.

THE WAR IN WHICH THERE IS NO DISCHARGE¹

By JOSEPH WOOD.

THE men who have enlisted for this great war ; the men who are training here in camp that they may be fit and ready for the day when they are called to the front ; the men who are standing so valiantly in the trenches and by the guns ; the wounded who have come home for healing and rest that they may fight again,² would none of them be pleased were they told that they are engaged in a war from which there would be no discharge. Rather are they all looking forward to a victory and a peace which, ere long, shall send

¹ An address given in Camp, and also to a company of convalescent soldiers.

² See the knight in the old ballad :—

Fight on my men, says Sir Andrew Barton,
I am hurt, but I am not slain ;
I'll lay me down, and bleed awhile,
And then I'll rise and fight again.

them back to their homes and wonted pursuits. They are not professional soldiers (except a small proportion) who make soldiering their life-work. They have volunteered for this war only. They do not love fighting. They hate the thought of killing, the horrors, the brutalities and the fierce lust of battle. Especially they who know the agony of biting shells as they burst and tear their way into the flesh, the crushing of bones under a storm of bombs, the shrieks and yells of terrified men and horses; who have heard the groans of the dying in foul trenches, who have seen that which sickens and shocks, these men would be appalled if they learned that this must go on as long as they live since it is a war without discharge for its soldiers. No, for they are sustained by two great ideas—the conviction of the righteousness of the cause for which they are offering their lives, and the hope of such a triumphant issue as shall free them and their country from the perils of war unto many generations.

The young men of this country are as a rule lovers of the ways and works of peace. What was it moved them to fling themselves by the million into the fighting line, heeding not the risk of burning wounds and ghastly death? I am proud to think it was an imperative sense of duty. Certainly it was not any hope of gain or glory for themselves. The desire of fame and promotion was not in their hearts. Duty called them and

they went. Nay, it was something more than duty. The love of England, the honour of England, the soul of England was in their bones like a fire, and they answered as brave men and true. It was even more than that. It was the wrong, the incredible wrong accompanied by the violent cruelties done to an innocent nation by a neighbouring people who were as solemnly pledged to her protection as we ourselves, so that our young recruits said in their hearts—‘Heaven and earth shall pass away before the crime against Belgium is forgotten until it is redressed.’ It was the lust of world-domination tearing up treaties as scraps of paper, setting at defiance all laws of humanity, all pleas of justice, all ideals of freedom, and all canons of civilization, that nerved the heart of young England and turned the lovers of peace into the warriors of God. For never doubt, it is a holy war in which you are engaged. Since it is a war for Freedom and Justice and Righteous dealing between nations, for the plighted word, for the idea of Eternal Right as against the idea that Might is Lord and King—since it is these things it is God’s kingdom for which you are fighting. Abraham Lincoln was asked during the American Civil War whether he felt sure that God was on his side, and he answered, that he hoped at any rate he was on God’s side. So it is with England. God has given her the noble task of fighting for the liberty of Europe and for the

future of civilization. It is God's war for Right against Wrong to which you have given yourselves. I speak to some here who have already fought in more than one bloody battle, and have fought like heroes. All England blesses you and admires you. No coward hearts are yours. Come victory, come defeat, it is well with you. Dangers, disappointment, pain, sickness have not wearied you. You have faced these things as well as ever men did on earth. And it is no shame to you if you are looking forward to a time, please God not far distant, when discharged from war you will come home bringing the garlands of peace in your hands.

Yet I speak of a war from which there is no discharge—the war of goodness against evil which has gone on from the beginning, the eternal war of light and heaven against darkness and the pit, the war of truth against falsehood, of spirit against flesh, of justice, freedom, and humanity against cruelty, slavery, and barbarism. It is a war in which we are all called to bear a part. No man is exempt. No excuses are allowed. This world would have been hell long ago had not men been faithful unto death in that conflict. It is a fact of wide significance that men have always refused to be reconciled with wrong. All history is the record of men and nations rising up in some way or other to fight the foul things of lust and greed and lies and selfishness. The present war with

Germany is simply one chapter in that age-long record. Sad and shocking as is this war, wicked in its origin and wicked above all wickedness in many of its phases, my clear and strong conviction remains that it is not outside the will and purpose of God. Like many of the apparently destructive and disorderly forces of nature which are yet held within the wide compass of natural law, so this fearful scourge from which all the world is suffering is held within the all-embracing rule of God. When the Psalmist called upon the whole creation to join in praising God—sun and moon, men and angels, birds and beasts, flying cloud and flowing water, the ‘spangled heaven’ and the fruits of the earth, he did not exclude the darker and more dreadful things of nature. ‘Dragons and all deeps; fire and hail, snow and vapour; stormy wind *fulfilling his word.*’ For even these declare the excellency of the Power that called them into being and praise him by their obedience. Dragons and all deeps, fire and hail, and stormy winds, at first sight the outbreak of anarchy in the midst of a realm of order, are in reality an expression of the same Divine Will that guides the stars in their courses and the seasons in their unvarying march.

This war is no strange thing that has happened to our world; this is not the first time that great nations have been in conflict, nor the first time that conflicting ideas have come to grips in the

arbitrament of war. There are conspicuous instances in which we clearly see that war played the part of purifying fire and stormy winds, the mission of clearing away and cleansing in their blast hot fetid airs and vile miasmas and corrupting social disease, giving room and chance for healthier life.

Without going back to the ancient empires of the Eastern world, Assyria, Babylon, Chaldea, etc., let us recall two events in European history. Look at Imperial Rome, the mistress of the world, when forgetting her glorious past she fell into lust and luxury and corruption that ate out her heart and fibre, and made her a curse to humanity. Then came the stormy winds, fire and hail, dragons and all deeps, fulfilling his word. On they come, Goths and Huns and Vandals, wave after wave, breaking up the rotten defences of a decaying world ; on they come, devastating provinces, wrecking cities, shattering the old fabric of society, and establishing in its place a freer, simpler, nobler order of things. By the process of war, Rome had to make way for new and vigorous nations, instinct with a healthier spirit, and the ruin in which she perished had a sanction which was justified by the event.

Or look at the redemption and unity of Italy—almost in our own time, and associated with the names of Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Cavour. The Austrian tyranny was not broken but by immense

sacrifices of blood and treasure. Italy's liberation came in by the gates of death ; freedom and justice reigned at last, but only as the storm cleared the land of its oppressors. The sufferings and sacrifices of that time were not destructive only, but reparative and life-giving. When the youth of Italy rushed on the Austrian guns were they fools or redeemers ? Redeemers if the Cross be true. The passion for a great cause which leads men to the complete renunciation of self was in their hearts. Every man who died for Italy died for God's great cause of freedom and justice, and in dying added to Italy a new promise of salvation.

These also are incidents and chapters of the great war which goes on through all the ages in a thousand different forms—the war in which there is no discharge. For the fight of good with evil, of light with darkness, of right with wrong, of the higher against the lower, is a fight which is carried on in times of peace as well as in times of war. The trumpet-call sounds in all ears—‘ Soldiers of Christ, arise.’ Not only amid the thunder of guns and the shrieking of shells, but in the social and civil life of nations, in the hearts and lives of individuals, and in myriads of homes the war is waged by which heaven is lost or won. It is a war for which we may refuse to fight. It is a battle we may decline even as deserters drop out of the firing line. But I am not speaking of

cowards. ‘The Battle of Life’ is a metaphor which all earnest men at some time or other in their lives realize as true. It is a metaphor which recalls to every man parts of his own history. No true man escapes. Everywhere the fight is set with wrong. From first to last man is found in circumstances that call for the soldier-heart. The choices we make are often stained with our heart’s blood. Of course there are all sorts of enemies, and all sorts of weapons. Passions, impulses, appetites, have to be wrestled with and mastered ; painful renunciations are called for which pierce to the soul ; inherited tendencies to evil, or gloom, or violence have to be overcome. There are no smooth, untroubled lots. At every instant, at every step the soul must be guided and guarded by its fixed design of righteousness.

Out there in the wide world man is called upon to battle with the wrong, the iniquity, the selfishness, the injustice, which stalk up and down as if Satan were Lord and King. In that battle is all the tragedy, yes, and all the glory of life. In all men you find the instinct of rebellion against injustice. No passion is so strong in the human heart as the passion for justice. There is not a civilized man who when he acts unjustly but feels that the crown of his manhood is rolled in the dust.

For the greatest battle of all is that which goes on within ; inside all other battles we are fight-

ing there is the battle within ourselves. It is the battle between contending principles within the single heart ; that dialogue as it were between two voices which is one of the profoundest mysteries of our nature. The higher and the lower wrestle for the mastery in every man. We have to win a victory for the better self over the self-seeking self, the intolerant self, the gloomy, fretful self, the vile and treacherous self. And every man in the great army of God is here to overcome—not to be overcome—to conquer wrong and not to be conquered. Within is the foe to be met and mastered. The centre of the battle to which we are called is our own heart ; it is a battle for self-conquest ; it is the winning of our own allegiance to truth, goodness, and God. Yet no one of himself alone can achieve the mastery of himself. We feel our need of some better help than our own right arm. ‘The best of all is, God is with us,’ said John Wesley. Divine energies that brace the mind and heart are at our call as the reserve forces of a great army. Christ, the captain of the Lord’s hosts is one with us in the struggle. Marching under his banner we receive of his dauntless spirit, and are ‘more than conquerors through him that loved us,’ and who stood by our side in that war from which there is no discharge. To live lives of heroic devotion to all that is brave, and best and true ; to live as Sons of God called to battle with foes within and foes without is the appeal which is made to the

highest and best you dream or feel. Here is a victory to be won which will test the soldier heart to the full extent. Fear not. More are they that be for us than they that be against us. If in that war there is no discharge, nevertheless in that war there is no failure. 'He always wins who sides with God.'



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